

V. 25-26

1765

"NOT ANYTHING FOR PEACE," A New Story by T. S. Arthur,
IS COMMENCED IN THIS NUMBER.

JANUARY,

1865.



Vol. XIV.

No. 1.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

We always feel entirely clear from any danger of being charged with "puffing," when we speak in praise of this most welcome guest of many families.—*Times, Waterville, N. Y.*

Arthur's has long been a standard magazine with the ladies of America, and won golden opinions on all sides, on account of many excellences as a first-class magazine.—*Democrat, Oxford, N. Y.*

There is no monthly in the country sounder than this.—*Republican, Williamsport, Indiana.*

This is the favorite of the home circle, and is worth a dozen of trash usually designed for ladies' amusement.—*Courier, Columbia, California.*

It is worth double the subscription price to any family.—*Independent, Greenville, Mich.*

The Home Magazine comes out just as richly laden as ever with that kind of reading which enriches the mind, and helps develop the noblest feelings of the heart. May its kindly sun never pale or go down.—*Times, Waterville, N. Y.*

This old familiar friend has again made its appearance. It is welcomed back to our table, as it is one of our most valuable friends, always full of good things and words of cheer.—*Journal, Louisiana, Mo.*

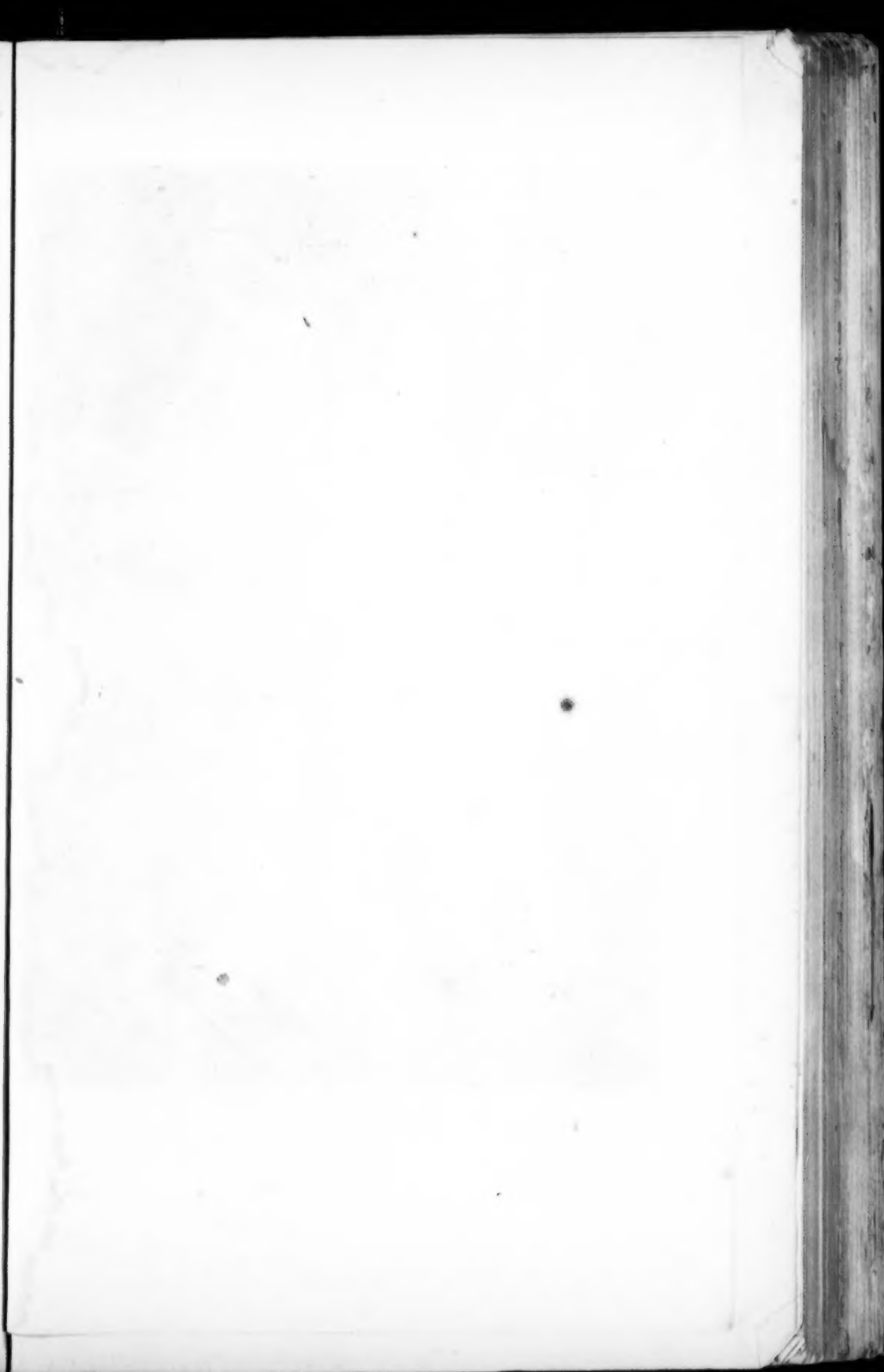
No magazine has attained a higher standard for moral influence than this.—*Ledger, Canton, Ill.*

The stories in this magazine are generally of a high moral character, devoid of that sickening love trash that characterizes many of the magazines of the day, and which makes them anything but fit works to put into the hands of youths.—*Pioneer, St. Joseph, Mich.*

It is a monthly that is constantly improving in every particular, and is a rare gem of literature.—*Statesman, Wilmington, Del.*

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J. T. Smith

1781

The Parrot and the Mirror

THE MIRROR AND THE PARROT

1781





The Parrot and the Mirror.



VOL.

THE ... in advance, 3 copies for the ... and one to ... of club ...
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THE END

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NEW STYLE OF BONNET



BRAIDING PATTERN.



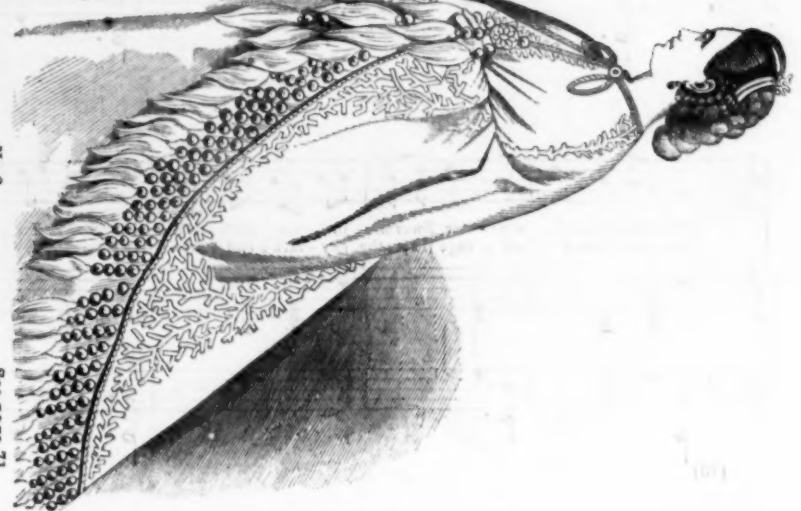
DRESS AND CAPE OF WINE-COLORED MERINO,
Trimmed with an application of silk, edged with narrow velvet.



No. 1.



No. 2



No. 8.

See page 71.

THE VALLEY STREAM IS FROZEN.

Poetry by

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Music composed for the Piano Forte for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

By J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Op. 142.



The val-ley stream is fro - zen, The hills are cold and bare, ... And the
I look on the bar-ren mea - dow, Was it ev - er heap'd with hay? ... Did it

The first vocal line is written on a single staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a half rest, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

wild white bees of win - ter Swarm in the dark - en'd air. I
hide the grassy cot - tage Where the sky - lark's chil - dren lay? I

The second vocal line is written on a single staff in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a half rest, followed by a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth notes in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

THE VALLEY STREAM IS FROZEN.

11

look on the cold, bleak for - - est, Was it ev - er green in June?..... Did it
look on my heart, and mar - - vel If love were e'er its own,..... If the

This system contains the first four measures of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

burn with gold and crim - - son In the dim au - - tumn - al noon?..... Did it
spring of prom - ise bright - - en'd And the summer of feel - ing shone? If the

This system contains the next four measures. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

burn with gold and crim - - son In the dim au - - tumn - al noon.....
spring of prom - ise bright - - en'd And the sum - mer of feel - ing shone.....

This system contains the next four measures. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

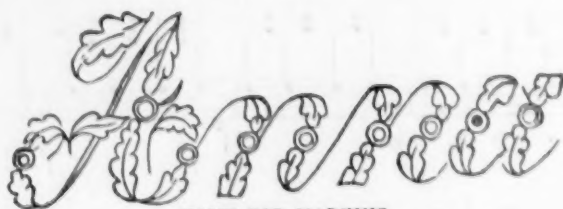
This system contains the final four measures of the song. The vocal line concludes with a long note, and the piano accompaniment features a more complex, flowing melody in the right hand.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

INITIAL.

VELVET TRIMMING.



NAME FOR MARKING.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.

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VOL. X

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1865.

"ALICE REDWOOD'S GHOST."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

"People make their own superstitions," said Colonel Carter.

Alice Redwood heard him with a changing cheek, and a deprecating look in her soft eyes. She had a superstition, and was ashamed to confess or to defend it. Colonel Carter was her half-uncle, if such a relationship there be, and Paul was her half cousin. "If she loved him any dearer—if he wished her any nearer," how can I tell? He sat opposite now, apparently absorbed in a big volume bound in "law calf," which was in this instance medical; but studying from under his black eyelashes only the pretty face on the other side of the table.

"One can't disbelieve everything," faltered she, at last.

"But one needn't be a credulous fool," retorted the Colonel, severely, without any idea that he was rebuking his young relative's secret weakness, but merely sustaining an argument. He followed up the accidental blow by a long lecture on silly fears and unfounded fantasies, which she received in sweet submissive silence, as she usually did any dictum of his. She came twice a year to the family re-union at Carter Hall, and in spite of her tremors, her terrors, her weakness and cowardice, for which her very youngest cousins ridiculed and corrected her, made holiday whenever she came. Without her presence Christmas merry-makings would have been but dull ceremonies, and midsummer vacations a dreary waste. Thus it was said by the younger children, and thus it seemed to Paul.

A long pause followed the closing of the Colonel's oration, which was broken by the shrill voice of a young cousin, belonging to the band of "infans terribles," who spare nobody. "Cousin Alice is afraid of ghosts!" he announced; and then dead silence fell.

Victoria, a tall, handsome girl of twenty, smiled across the table at the blushing accused, and a slim miss of fourteen, the prize scholar of a neighboring academy, looked up from her Latin composition in scornful surprise. Paul lifted his fine eyes from his book, and nodded gravely at the offender, in a way that indicated future penitence and penance.

"Nonsense!" cried the Colonel, darting an inquiring look at his niece.

"Oh, no," stammered she, faintly, "only I—so many people say so. It's not true, of course—that is, I suppose;" and she broke down utterly.

Here Paul came to the rescue.

"My dear father," said he, argumentatively, "you surely don't mean to dispute the testimony of ages——"

"Yes, I do," interposed the unyielding authority.

"The evidence of many learned and scientific persons. Baron Riechenbach's theory——"

"Humbug!"

"Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.'"

"Trash!"

"Professor Owen's revelations from the 'Other World.'"

"Pooh!"

"The Witch of Endor."

"Fiddlestick!"

Here becoming conscious, from Paul's mischievous look, of the bad example he was setting the children in this disrespect towards Holy Writ, the Colonel suddenly stopped to order the juniors to bed, and then he and Paul fell upon the argument, "hammer and tongs," as the vulgar say. Victoria had remained to finish a piece of fancy work, in which she was much interested; the studious Mittie was preparing a Latin essay for the approaching Exhibition, and Alice stayed beside her cousins, listening with innocent delight to her champion's warm advocacy of a cause in which she knew him to have even less faith than his opponent.

It was sufficient reward for him that she pressed his hand and thanked him gently, when he lighted her candle in the hall, as they all separated for the night. "You were so kind to take my part," she whispered, "and I was very foolish."

"Not at all; you are just right; only I hope you won't believe all that awful trash I was talking. It was merely for the sake of argument, you know. Of course, no sane person fancies there are such things as ghosts."

"N—no, certainly not," assented she, hesitating, and looking up the great black stairway, while the candle trembled in her hand; "but I suppose I am cowardly."

"Say womanly, instead," said Paul, warmly; "nobody can wonder at your being frightened in this gloomy old barrack of ours, coming from your snug city house. But you have no need; not one of our ancestors has committed any worse murder than upon deer and woodcock, or King George's scarlet invaders; so there are no unquiet spirits of victims slain to haunt us. And the Carters are a sensible race; when they go to bed, they stay there. None of them ever dream of walking out of their graves, to the discomfort and discredit of their descendants, or of retreating this fine old mansion, after having relinquished possession in the regular way."

"Oh, Paul, how can you?" whispered Alice, looking anxiously around her.

"So you see you may sleep in peace; and by the way, where have they put you?"

"In the West room—the best one. I did not want to disturb Mrs. James, just for to-night; to-morrow my own will be ready, and I shall move into it."

"But you won't like this—of course not—a

great dark, rambling place. Let me speak to the girls."

"No, no—don't. Victoria is such a good housekeeper, it would not be polite; and besides, I don't mind for only once; I shall do very well there."

"I'll see you to the door, then," said Paul, "and look in to see that it is all right, before I leave you; our precious visitor must not come so far, and be so long expected, to be frightened out of her dear little senses, after all. And my room is but a few steps off, you know; so if any invaders come, I'll be at hand to disperse them."

He felt his pretty cousin tremble on his arm as they passed the long gallery, and wisely chose more cheerful topics of consolation.

"Could you but guess how I have missed you, Alice, and how anxiously I have been looking for you lately!—this term has seemed at least four times as long as any other. I was regretting all the time not having told you something you must know before I go back to college, next—"

"Oh, hark!" she cried, shuddering.

"Well, what is it, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know—that dreadful noise—"

"Only a rat, child; we abound in rats; but they are up in the garret, and can't get at you; so now wish me good-night, and may your dreams be sweet!"

But Alice was already within her room, a large, long and lofty apartment, where the grander Carters of a century ago had been wont to lodge their honored guests. It had its ghosts, as what empty room in an old country house has not? but authorities differed as to its origin. It was Lady Madeleine Clifton, heiress to the noble English family of that name, who had run away to America with her Puritan lover, to the great wrath of all her high-bred connections, and built this house with her fortune. But her parents' curse and the penalty of disobedience pursued her. She never thrived; most of her children died young; her husband fell in a duel; strange ending for a disciple of Cromwell! she followed them, dying of slow decline in this very room, which her sad, unquiet ghost had haunted ever since. Night after night, at a certain period of the year, in which heaviest misfortunes had fallen, or her great error been committed, she was said to walk wearily up and down the long apartment, wringing her white hands, and mourning with face and gesture that unforgiven sin! None

of the present race of cool incredulous Carters had been admitted to the sight of this aristocratic spectre; but an old family servant, who had nursed Alice in her childhood, was quite certain of the fact, and had known many reliable and respectable persons who had seen it, times without number. One infant auditor she had, who heard believing, and had never grown out of the fear of ghostly Lady Madeleine.

Or there was the legend which tradition disputed with this, of a certain Dame Marjory, whose ruling passion was avarice, and who had hidden treasures to a great amount somewhere within the limits of the guest chamber, which she still "walked" to watch. Could she but be addressed by a human voice, she must answer, and tell the secret of their concealment, which she had died without revealing; and many a dissipated young Carter had hidden himself in the West Room, with sword and Bible, to surprise the phantom's guarded mystery, and restore her hoards to general circulation. But no success had apparently attended these desperate attempts, the miserly apparition was supposed to keep its vigils yet, and Alice was quite sure that should it appear to her, she would die of fright before she remembered to ask after the treasures.

She glanced fearfully around the room as soon as she found herself alone in it, and trembled to think what shadowy company she might have locked in with her. Victoria and Mittie had always before accompanied her to her chamber, when they did not share it, but had judiciously retired to-night during her conference with Paul, whose partiality was well known among the elder cousins. It was too late to hope they would return; they were probably both asleep by this time; and drawing a deep breath of dread and apprehension, Alice walked hurriedly down the long room.

There was nothing ghostly in its appearance now; a bright fire sparkled in the wide chimney, its glow reflected on the marble hearth and mantel, and in the great mirror that hung above—a lamp burned brilliantly on the handsome centre-table, the dark old mahogany furniture was rubbed and polished till it too reflected all manner of little shifting lights. The chairs and sofas were covered with modern stuffs, in pretty and tasteful contrast to their quaint shapes and ornaments; the carpet also was modern, of rich colors and texture, very soft and comfortable to the feet. A Turkey rug lay before the

fire-place, and heavy green curtains draped the tall windows, and the high old-fashioned "canopy" bedstead; but they were all quite new, and of very different style and material from those that had been taken away, redolent to Alice's fancy of associations with the ghost. Fanciful trifles, of her own making or presenting, many of them, and gayly-bound "keep-sakes," and late publications covered the shelves and tables, and made the room seem a little more humanly habitable.

Her first tremors of apprehension over, she slowly unlocked her travelling trunk, and began to make her little old-maidish preparations for the night. She had always lived alone with her mother, and been brought up to all sorts of prim little ways and observances, till she was as thoroughly a "pattern good girl," as any of Miss Edgeworth's model heroines. In every act of life there were certain customs to be regarded, for every deed there was a certain manner of doing, without which it had no efficacy or meaning whatever. In going to bed, therefore, there must be a certain order in the going. There was first a little laced cap, and a snowy robe, a pretty blue cashmere morning-gown, lined and trimmed with silk, and glorious with heavy cord and tassels of the same at the waist, and a pair of slippers with bows of the exact shade, to be laid out with all the rest of the clothes for to-morrow's wear, or hung up in their separate places—a formidable array of brushes and combs to be disposed in their proper order on the dressing-table, and a similar garniture of pincushions and scent-bottles to be arranged upon the bureau. Piles of snow-white linen were smoothly folded away in the drawers, and all her dresses shaken out and carefully suspended in the wardrobe, before she felt at liberty to retire. Her cousin's maid would have been delighted to do all this for her, but neat little Alice would trust no one but herself. Her busy preparations at last finished, she brushed out her long, fair hair, that fell in rippling masses below her waist, and twisted it up in a loose mass for the night; took her prayer-book, and a volume of "Meditations" her mother had given her, and tried to quiet and compose her thoughts, so that none of the "perils and dangers" of the coming hours should be presented to disturb them.

"If I had the blinds open, and could see across the room, I don't believe I should feel afraid," she thought, as she rose to make her final preparations for bed. She drew back the

heavy curtains and looked timidly out. A flood of mellow moonlight poured into the lower end of the long apartment, and made all the objects near it appear with tolerable distinctness even after the lamp was extinguished. Without, the dark old evergreens, oaks and maples that surrounded the house, were lighted with a lustre that showed their every twig and leaf, and all the outlines of the landscape seemed drawn in silver. Common-place, familiar objects were quite glorified in this beam, and gave new and strange and picturesque effects—a certain clock-tower at one end of the building stood tall in the full white radiance, the dead night silence, and on its long unused dial a lonely finger pointed immovably to some unearthly hour that struck no more. "Suppose it should be midnight!" thought Alice, starting guiltily, and hastened to her pillow to lose consciousness before the ghostly hour came.

She succeeded beyond her hopes, for everything was so calm and still, the bed was so soft and comfortable, the rest and repose so soothing to her weary limbs after her day's journey, that she fell asleep almost instantly and dreamed of Paul's last visit to her. They were singing together in the parlor of her own home in the city; he had just brought her the Alice Waltzes, and written her name on the cover, and now stood looking over her music—the handsome stately stripling!—so different in his noble growth, his manly strength and spirit, his easy, careless grace, from the languid city men she knew, with their white hands and feminine accomplishments. She should like to see any of them sit a horse or aim a rifle like Paul, or feather an oar, or leap a chasm, or rein in a pair of fiery, fuming colts with a nerve and cool courage she adored but could not imitate. Yes, he was altogether admirable; and while she despaired of ever being sufficiently a heroine to match her hero's perfections, she was very happy in feeling his dark eyes fixed on her face as she sang, and in knowing that she was cared for by him and chosen as the reward of his ambition. That he did care for her, and that there was nobody like him—the usual summary of such reflections—were truths as plainly present to her mind in dreaming as awake, and brought a frequent regret in their train. Ah! why would Uncle Carter make him a physician, for physicians must command a practice before they can marry.

She started from her slumber here with a frightened impression of some noise, some

movement, somebody in the room. It seemed not more than an hour or two had passed, for the strip of moonlight lying on the floor had very little changed its position, and all else was still dim and indistinct; but what—what—was that dreadful thing that glided with a slow wavering motion in the deeper shadow beyond?

She sat up in bed, fully awake now, and, holding her breath, stared with eyes unnaturally keen and clear into that dark, distant corner, haunted so terribly. Her fears had not deceived her—her prescient senses had not awaked her too soon—something there was, white and tall and ghastly, that paced backwards and forwards across the further end of the room, with noiseless step and strange, unearthly gesture, muttering mysterious sentences in an unknown tongue.

She turned sick with terror. There was one way of escape, purposely left open, in case the dreaded phantom should come—a door leading into the other wing of the house, where Victoria's and Mittie's rooms were situated, which she had not fastened for the feeling of companionship and protection it gave her, and the advantage of a "rear retreat" it afforded, should any cold hand clasp hers, any ghostly visitant hover at her bedside, as in the authentic legends to which she had often listened. Her worst fears had never pictured anything like this, however; she was personally unharmed, indeed, as yet, but could anybody have supposed that the ghost would choose to patrol before the very door by which she had intended to escape from it?

Since such was the fact, there remained but one alternative, and that she instinctively took, and in a very ecstasy of fright quietly rose, robed herself in the dressing-gown and slippers put at her bedside for such a different waking in the morning, and stealing softly to the door leading into the gallery, drew back the bolts she had secured with the best intentions the night before, opened it noiselessly, without molestation from the spectre, and escaping into the hall, flew down stairs. A light shone from the library; she burst in and fell at Paul's feet, insensible.

That handsome young student looked up from his book uncomprehending. It was not one of the calf-bound series, rich in diagrams and figures, and illustrated with frightful plates, which he read so attentively before the public eye, but the third volume of a fashionable novel, that caused him to burn the midnight oil. He was deep in the interview

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between Lady Josephine and the Count Brique-a-bracque, when the door opened and shut like a thunderclap, and behold at his feet a bundle of blue cashmere and a bunch of flaxen hair!

This was romantic, and Paul entered into the spirit of the thing immediately; he gathered up his pretty cousin tenderly in his arms, laid her on the sofa, and took such measures as occurred to him for reviving her—but these were not many. All his medical knowledge went out of his head at once—he did not remember any of the learned directions on page 5841, Vol. X., with reference to Vols. I., III., V., VII., and IX., for restoring patients in a comatose state or a condition of temporary insensibility. He opened no windows and no veins—ignored the whole list of scientific applications, and only burnt feathers (from a peacock's tail duster) under her nose, as he had seen his old aunts do when the servant girls had fits, and chafed her cold hands in his. In the intervals of these exertions he pressed his lips to the sufferer's fair eyelids, kissed her pale cheek or a stray tress of her falling hair, and frantically implored her to return to life. His efforts were at length rewarded. Alice opened her eyes and spoke, in answer to his impassioned appeals; but then, though much was said, it did not bear directly upon the subject, and it was some time before they remembered to recur to the very natural question, "what had frightened her?"

Alice had half forgotten, and was half ashamed to say. The warmth and light and comfort of the library were so different from the ghastly terrors of her haunted room—as different as Paul's dear society from that of her spectral visitant. Here it seemed impossible to regard, and ridiculous to repeat, what she was nevertheless sure she had seen. She stammered, and hesitated.

"Tell me the truth, dear girl!" entreated her cousin.

"I thought I saw—the ghost—of Lady Madeleine, you know."

"No!" cried Paul, delighted. "Did you, really? I'll go up directly—perhaps she is not gone yet."

But Alice demurred; she would not let him go or go herself. She was afraid, not more of being left alone than of what the apparition might do to Paul. Finally a compromise was effected, by which she was to remain at the top of the stairs while he explored the haunted room. He coaxed her with great difficulty to

her sitting shivering on the landing amid a pile of sofa cushions, with the library lamp for company, while he went boldly onward into the ghost's den.

A pause of some moments followed—a dreadful period of suspense—Alice held her breath and listened, but there came no sound, no noise, no scuffle; whatever was transpiring in that awful room was in darkness and silence. She could bear it no longer, and, though fainting with fear, resolved to go and find her cousin, and taking up the light moved forward. Paul met her on the threshold with a countenance half-vexed, half-mischievous, and, lifting the lamp from her trembling hand, put her arm in his and led her into the chamber.

The ghost still paced up and down in her distant corner, muttering her mysterious sentences and using her strange gestures. She did not turn and fly, or melt into thin air, as Alice fully expected she would when the two approached, but seemed quite unconscious of their presence, and not at all afraid of the broad, cheerful glare of light they brought with them. Her thick, dark hair fell unbound upon her shoulders, she wore some kind of long white dressing-gown, and was intent upon a folded paper she carried in her hand. This much Alice saw before her cousin set down the lamp, and, stooping, kissed her on the forehead and wished her good-night.

"But the ghost?" she faltered, overcome with terror.

"Foolish girl! is it possible you don't see? It is only Mittie worrying over her Latin theme; she walks in her sleep, you know, and this is her favorite place for studying in the daytime, it is so quiet and retired. Wake her gently and make her stay with you to-night, and don't fancy again that anything at Carter Hall has the heart to harm you!"

The day was shining bright and broad when Alice came down stairs and met her cousins at breakfast, having passed the night very peacefully in the company of the penitent ghost, who begged her pardon for disturbing her. Thanks to Paul's discretion, her midnight adventure had not transpired, and she felt grateful to him for his forbearance in not teasing her on the subject, and showed surprising confidence and freedom from foolish terrors on the various opportunities that recurred during the day. On his part, Paul had an interview with his father, in which he represented that if the medical profession would prevent him from settling in life for an

unheard-of time, say half-a-dozen years, he should prefer to take charge of the farm instead.

The Colonel promised to consider the matter. "You have nobody in particular in view, I suppose?" he added.

"Only Alice, father," said Paul.

"My dear boy, she wouldn't consent to live at the Hall a month! Don't you know she is afraid of—all sorts of ridiculous things?"

"Let me ask her, sir!" cried Paul, eagerly. "I am content to leave the matter to her decision. I should like to hear her choice between the ghosts and me."

So Alice was asked, and to everybody's astonishment declared she was afraid of nothing the Hall contained, lifting a look of shy pride to her lover that showed in whose courage she was strong. The ghosts of her imagination being laid, none others have appeared to haunt her, and she has learned a little of his philosophy since she married Paul.

THE PENT RIVER.

Suggested by High Bridge Aqueduct, N. Y.

BY REDA.

I saw the river caught and caged,
Dash wildly 'gainst his prison wall,
Then, foaming, madly on he raged,
Helpless through darksome ways to roll.
I said, No more thy course may be
Through meadows, in the sunshine free,
With bounding life in every motion,
Taking thy untamed way to find the ocean!
Pity it is, so much of human burdens
Should rest on aught like thee!
That shackles e'er should bind, where guerdons
Of life and joy would fitter be!

Slowly I trod the spanning arches,
Along their height serene,
And felt how like funereal marches
The sound of feet above his hidden sheen!
And then I entered where
Great arteries the giant pulse laid bare,
And listened—for the chafing river-spirit
Sobbed out with every beat,
In heavy tones and deep;
While echo constant rang—a wrong! a wrong!
Strange sadness seized my soul, until I thought
By such mysterious ways are brought
Our groping souls to reap
In the Hereafter—and 'tis meet!
Then straight I said, O, vexed spirit,
Thou needst not thus deplore,
What seems to be thy wrong,
Is but the blessing to a million more!

SOUND AND FURY IN OUR HOMES.

There are abodes made daily to resound with quarrelling and scolding; there are families where mother and children all talk in loud, angry tones. Escaping from such, "the solitary" may well bless God for his own lot, which, when viewed in the warm, loving light of a well-ordered and happy home, sometimes seems almost intolerable. Ye sad, lonely maidens, ye sour, fretful bachelors, when your desolation becomes too great a burden for you to bear, just go for a two days' visit to the family of "the brawling woman," and you will be, for the time, cured. Your silent, lonely room will be as a harbor of refuge for you during many subsequent days.

If wives and mothers could but realize what they are doing when they begin the loud-voiced scolding system, how quickly they would desist. But there must be authority and punishment in the family; and there is in many cases nothing so good as the rod. Mothers, do the little children swarm about you, and weary you by their wants and their ways? Try for one year the virtue of low, mild tones, decided measures, and, in case of intentional naughtiness, the rod, and if at the end of the year you are not satisfied that this is not the best course, break the rod and depend for discipline on scolding and loud threats never made good. Children imitate as readily as do monkeys, and if the mother's voice is loud and harsh, theirs will probably be the same; if her ways are rough with them, theirs will be so with each other, and their home will be a place from which we shall be only too happy to escape.

"KILLED IN BATTLE."

When others praise I'm silent,
And no one sees me weep,
They do not guess the bitter tears
I shed when others sleep!

They speak of the glorious death
That crowned his noble life,
On his last battle-field he fell,
A victor in the strife!

I hear the crash and roar of arms,
Instead of their low tones,
I see his young, bright head laid down
To die in the tumult alone!

"My friend and brother," only
His letters I may keep,
There are written only kindly words,
And no one sees me weep!

CHRONICLES OF THE CLOVERSIDE FAMILY. No. 1.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

I will begin with my great grandfather, premising that I am not so much indebted to tradition for the information I propose to communicate to you, my dears, concerning that personage, as to "THE HISTORY OF PENNSYLVANIA," in two volumes, written principally between the years 1776 and 1780, by Robert Proud, with copious notes, in which I find honorable mention of "one Carad Clover-side, a German, for many years interpreter to the province, and highly esteemed by both the English and Indians as a person of integrity, skill, and ability." The historian gives my great grandfather high praise, placing implicit confidence in the interpreter's statements concerning the habits, customs, and religious ceremonies of the Indians; but he fails to mention the year of his arrival in the country, or his age at the time he served as interpreter.

The former I place at a guess about 1714, and as he calls himself a youth at that period, in one of his letters translated by the historian, I have supposed that he was about seventeen. He removed his family from Philadelphia to Lancaster County about 1740, where my grandfather, William Clover-side, was born in the year 1750. In due time my grandfather took to himself a wife, a fresh importation from the Vaterland, named Catherine Fenner, said to have been very handsome, and very well off in those days (I have heard my grandfather, in his merry moods, say, that her petticoats were lined with gold when he married her), and settled down like a contented man with his pipe and his kROUT on one of the best farms in the county. I am persuaded that he must have married at a much earlier age than was customary with the Germans who settled in the State, for at the commencement of the war he had a family of two children, Frederick and Charles, respectively four and two years old. My Uncle Frederick was unusually dull when a boy, and the butt of the neighborhood, judging from the stories I have heard related concerning him. One in particular which my father often related excites my risibilities even now.

One evening, when the farm hands were gathered around the old fashioned kitchen fire, discussing the war, and speculating upon the result, one of the men sought to dissipate the

gloom which hung over the circle by addressing my Uncle Frederick suddenly with—

"Well, Fred, we killed your pig to-day."

They had slaughtered a number of hogs, among them one lively fellow which Frederick had claimed as his own.

"I don't care," replied Fred, looking up and shaking his head slowly. "I'll have plenty of my own when they grow."

"When they grow! Heavens! yes—when they grow. But wont we kill them like all the rest?" demanded the man.

"Not if they belong to me," rejoined Fred, stoutly, shaking his head determinedly with each word.

"How! Will you slop-feed them? Will they grow on your corn or your father's, answer me that."

"But if I plant them."

"Whoever heard of planting pigs!" exclaimed the interlocuter, taken by surprise.

"But I know, and I have planted the tails of three of them. I cut them off when no one was looking; but I am not going to tell you where I planted them, Fritz."

The roar of laughter which greeted the boy's confession drove him from the kitchen crying, and to the day of his death my Uncle Frederick could not hear the slightest allusion to pigs' tails without evincing uneasiness in word and manner.

My grandfather, unlike the majority of his neighbors, preferred the sword to the spade, and took up arms in behalf of his country, serving with distinction through two campaigns, carrying home with him from the disastrous battle of Bunker Hill one arm, (having laid the other down in defence of his country,) and the respect of all who knew him, resuming his plow and his pipe like a quiet, sober man, who had seen as much of the world and its vicissitudes as was necessary or agreeable. In after life he became wealthy, and was regarded as a man of excellent judgment. He served two terms in the Legislature, and was one of the most active in framing the laws which governed the State. After peace was restored his wife died in childbed, and two years afterwards my grandfather married a Miss Garth, a native of New Hampshire, a highly accomplished lady, of whom it was said that "she got over

her loves bravely in her young days, and married sensibly at last," which apt saying, whether uttered by friend or foe, certainly does not admit of a doubtful construction, and would seem to reflect more credit upon her head than heart. However, she proved herself an excellent housekeeper, and the best of managers. My grandfather had two children by his second wife, Jasper, born 1788, and Eliza, born 1790, when she too died, leaving him a widower a second time. For a long time he refused to be comforted, but four years after his second bereavement he again entered into a life partnership with a Miss Granville, a native of his own State, and the daughter of well-to-do parents, and rumor said, an old flame of my grandfather's. Miss Granville was the youngest of her family, and was universally regarded as a belle. But she had laid aside all claims to that distinction when my grandfather married her, declaring her determination to devote less time to frivolity and more to useful works. How it came that she suffered my grandfather to persuade her into matrimony never was known fully; but the one-armed soldier carried her off as his third wife, to the visible and undisguised astonishment of the whole country side, who declared that every time the Captain married he "done better and better." And he was such a general favorite that, no sooner was the marriage over, and the new wife installed in her own house, than congratulations poured in from all quarters, and my grandfather's last and best marriage was celebrated in a style never before witnessed in that part of the country. The havoc among the poultry was immense; one whole beef disappeared before the jovial guests, in company with six young pigs, stuffed, and set up in the manner of the olden time with the usual accessories; the best wine, the strongest cider, and the purest whisky flowed like water; for in those days Washingtonians were unknown, and an absorbing headache took the place of *delirium tremens*.

My grandmother Granville had three children, Robert, Sigismund, and Oliver. You know, my dears, how they all died, or you ought to know at least, for you are all Clover-sides, as much as I, your Aunt Hannah. And I suppose most of you know something of their histories; however, if you do not worry me too much, when I come to them, I may relate the curious part of their lives in their proper place. My father's, his brother's marriage, and my Uncle Oliver's history, as I said, must

wait until I relate matters which transpired previous to their existence. Concerning my half Uncles Frederick and Charles, I have something to tell you that is very disagreeable—that I shall hurry over at one sitting, you may be sure.

And now, my dears, if some of you will hand me down that quaint old box that reminds you of an overgrown spider, with its long handles and knobs, I will show you something.

Ah! me, here they are; it's many a day since I looked at them. There is a lock of your great, *great* grandfather's hair, dears, as curly as the hour it was clipped, and as crisp. And there is your great grandfather's hair, and beside it the hair of his first and last wives—a story I'll tell you will explain how the second's was lost out of this very box. Yes, and here is your grandfather's, *my* father's hair, the dear old white hair I so often stroked—and my mother's, and locks from the heads of seven children of us. * * * There, there! put it away now, it makes me sad to look at these things. Where was I? never mind, I shall relate, first of all,

A STORY OF A NIGHTCAP.

My grandfather met his first wife at a spring, none of your fashionable, double deceptive, matchmaking affairs called watering-places; but a natural, guileless spring, that furnished a small village with wholesome water, besides turning a respectable, steady-going mill-wheel. My grandfather went as usual to the spring with his sleeves rolled up, bucket in hand, to obtain water for his mother—doubtless the "help" was absent or too busy to bring the water on that particular occasion, and as the young men of those days were not ashamed to help their mothers through with their work when they had an idle moment, my grandfather only did as thousands of others would have done in his place, and as thousands of young men now a days, I regret to say, would not do.

My grandfather strode along gayly, with a light heart and a merry whistle. No! my dears, it was not vulgar, considering that his day's work was over, and he loved a merry tune or a sweet song; when, just as he went down to the hollow in which the spring gushed up from under an enormous rock, his step halted, the whistle died away suddenly, and for the first time in his life my grandfather found his hands terribly hot and large; for there, seated beside the spring, and all unconscious of his

presence, a young damsel sat bathing her foot in the running stream. My grandfather hesitated; it would never do to return home without the water; and how could he advance just then? If it had been any one he knew! But it would look so rude and awkward to stumble down there, particularly when the damsel was utterly unconscious of his presence. I know, my dears, that you all have an idea that there is more true refinement now than there possibly could have been in those days, and especially in Lancaster county, where there was nothing but Dutch. Do you think that the clang of the hammer and forge, and the click of machinery, teaches refinement more than the broad fields laden with grain and sprinkled with flowers, beautiful flowers, the most refining of all refining influences, unless we except the love of Him? But I am telling a story now.

Imagine the young farmer hesitating there, and the damsel suddenly looking up at him. Of course he had to advance then, and seeing the strange girl press her hand to her foot, with a pretty frown, he found courage to speak.

"May I inquire what ails your foot, Miss?"

"Yes," replied the girl, in good German, and with charming frankness. "You see I am a stranger here, and on my way to the spring I walked through a path of briars, and oh! how I hurt my feet!"

You will bear in mind that the damsel was barefooted. There's a brace of lovers for you, the man barearmed, without vest or coat, and the woman barefooted. Not much like your modern meetings; I've a fancy, my dears, that there was more *nature* than is exactly palatable now-a-days. Love, however, if you'll take the time and trouble to look, goes back to more primitive times than that even; and there was more of the genuine article.

"Permit me to apply a cure," said my gallant grandfather, and straightway he set down his pails and cast about him for a wonderful leaf which assuaged brier-pain immediately. He had not far to look; finding it, he deliberately tore off half of one of his shirt sleeves, and tearing that into strips, again proceeded to bind up the wounded foot as tenderly as a mother tucks her babe in its crib. If you are shocked at the wanton destruction of linen, perhaps the additional information that the young gallant had left his pocket-handkerchief at home with his best suit, may clinch the conclusion that he was vulgar beyond a doubt. My

dears, he did not know anything about Patchouli. But then he could name every flower in the country, and understood their culture.

Of course the damsel blushed, and of course my grandfather's fingers trembled nervously, and then he rose up from his knees, for he went on his knees involuntarily in the performance of the trifling action; he rose up quite soberly, and pretended perfect calmness, as he said—

"You say you are a stranger; have you removed to this place?"

"A sly way of questioning her," he said to himself; "now she will surely tell me her name, and she must be old Fenner's daughter I have heard of."

"Yes, I suppose so; and I'll be glad to stay; I'm tired travelling. Will you be so kind as to dip me a bucket of water, sir?"

Perfectly astounded, my grandfather complied in silence, thinking, "Well, she certainly has a curious way with her—but so charming too." He was about to dip his own pails into the spring, when the stranger begged leave to inquire the nearest and best way to such a point, and my grandfather, never giving a thought to his pails, picked the stranger's up lightly and with a glowing face proceeded to lead the way, while his new acquaintance limped along beside him, nowise timid or bashful, but perfectly frank and outspoken, and withal perfectly irresistible with her arch smile and soft side glance.

To appreciate the scene correctly, let me describe her dress and appearance. Shining yellow hair done up in massive braids, looped up over the ears and turreted on a silver back-comb; bodice orange color, and somewhat scant; green and red kerchief, cross-barred, around the neck; skirt—no! petticoat heavy, striped flannel, and quite a respectable distance from the ground (in those days they swept with brooms); arms half bare, shoeless, stockingless. Figure rather plump, but very symmetrical, in spite of the short waist. Face round and full, eyes very large and well-shaped, full of good, stable blue—none of your sponged-out eyes, but full of life and fire; rather pretty nose, and charmingly even white teeth; and the reddest of cherry lips—and only seventeen! There is her portrait, my dears, see if it doesn't correspond with the description we have of her from the letters of that day, all kept here in this old bureau, safe. As for my grandfather, there is his likeness in the back parlor, taken at twenty-two, rather a

comical affair, but perfectly truthful I suppose in every detail; but he didn't look quite so stiff as that when he carried the water-pail. A real good face, and so straightforward.

So my grandfather walked along with Catharine Fenner to the house her father had just bought on the edge of the village, but standing on the main street, and there bade her a very respectful good evening, and sauntered homewards. On his way he encountered an ill-doing fellow nearly about his own age, one Franz Schwartz, who was nicknamed "Black Franz." My grandfather nodded somewhat coldly as they met, and was passing on, when Black Franz accosted him rudely, with—

"So, so! We've been taking time by the forelock."

Now my grandfather knew perfectly well what was meant; but he turned back curtly on the fellow—

"I think you talk in riddles—what do you mean, Franz?"

"Some folks don't like others to come nigh their fishing water," replied Black Franz, with a frown and a leer. That angered my grandfather.

"You are a fool and a liar," he exclaimed, hotly, clinching his fist, and leaning quite close to the other.

"Take care! it is *you* who lie, for I have just been watching you with the Fenner a moment since."

Then my grandfather struck him a terrible blow fair in the mouth, and grappled him around the neck, and then they pommelled each other full five minutes, when at last my grandfather felled Black Franz with a powerful blow on the neck that left him lying there on the ground a good quarter of an hour. And then he walked home slowly, leaving the ill-doer to get well or die, just as he pleased, and totally forgetful of his water-pails. When he came up to his mother, the truth struck him in an instant; back he ran again to the spring, to find his pails broken into splinters. This was the meddler's work. Back home dashes my grandfather, fury in his eyes, and bitterness in his mouth and heart. And so he told exactly what had happened, keeping back neither jot nor tittle; out it all came.

My great grandmother bewailed her water-pails, and my grandfather swore he would punch Black Franz's head into a jelly, and crack his limbs one by one; when in comes my great grandfather with a "Tush! pish! pish-h-h! Boy, sit down and behave yourself;

and you, good woman, shall have two *new* water-pails to-morrow." Well, there was less said, but more *felt*; my grandfather was moody for a week, when he mustered up courage to call on the girl who had bewitched him at their first meeting, and after that he resumed his old manner. A month passed around, and at the end of that month he and Miss Fenner were on the best of terms. She had no mother; her mother had died a year before their removal to the village, and her father sometimes remained away from home two and three days at a time, attending to his business. There was no one but a grim old housekeeper to interfere between the young lovers, and they frequently managed to outwit her in their clever way. They had no thought to mar their happy courtship but one, and that one always turned on Black Franz, who had never so much as mentioned the quarrel between himself and my grandfather; but whose portentous silence awakened the distrust of both. The man came and went at very irregular hours, feared by the majority, and hated by all; yet everywhere he got a civil bow, and a cheerful greeting. The tribute of cowardice. My grandfather ached to measure his strength with him a second time; but that was none of Black Franz's "plans," although on two occasions he dogged my grandfather to the very door of old Fenner's house, always disappearing just when my grandfather imagined him within his grasp.

The housekeeper was very uneven in her temper, a fact that amused my grandfather fully as much as it annoyed his lady love, for he had a dense skin whenever it suited him to put it on, and he always wore it when the housekeeper approached him. He had been unusually attentive to his charmer one evening, when, the raspy side of her nature sharpening up at some fancied insult on his part, the housekeeper loosened her tongue and rattled a shower of sharp arrows at him, none of which seemed to penetrate his very thick cuticle. "Why did he come there when his father disapproved of his visits, and when he knew, or he *might* know that, Gottlieb Fenner had but one answer for all who admired his daughter, 'cover my money first, before I talk to you,' after that a blow from his hard fist, aha! Or did he think people couldn't read him, with his sighs and talk of love, when all he wanted was the gold in Catherine's petticoat."

"There's a good creature now, do go away," exclaimed Catherine, pettishly, adding, "there! I hear the pigs in the garden, do

go and turn them out—I'm sure it's nothing to you, Gretchen, whether he gets my gold or another, only you might try to make me like you more."

The housekeeper flung away with a parting arrow, and left them alone. My grandfather burst out into a hearty laugh—

"So you don't deny that your petticoat is lined with gold; ha, ha, ha! why then the stories they tell of our people coming across are true, after all; but were I a woman, I'd never risk myself on the sea with a dead weight of gold around me; did you never think of that?"

"Hush-h-h!" replied the girl, inclining her ear suddenly, as if listening intently.

"It's that villain, Franz, I'll be bound!" exclaimed my grandfather, impulsively, starting up, and breaking loose from the girl's grasp as he plunged into the garden, and out through the fields, but no one was in sight. When he came back, Catherine laughingly pointed to a young pig that evidently had escaped the housekeeper's blunted vision.

"See! there is the eaves-dropper—we are both cowards."

My grandfather cleared his throat, laughed with her, and sat down again a few minutes longer. He had an argument to advance, and in spite of her protestations to the contrary, Catherine Fenner was won over that night to his own view of the case, which in brief comprehended an open avowal of their love, and a request to their parents to enable them to begin the world in a new house, which my grandfather proposed building upon his own land, the gift of his father as a reward for his steadiness and general good conduct. If trouble *should* come, it would be the fault of her father, not his, he was sure, and they must risk something to gain the knowledge.

So you see my grandfather was no tardy wooer. I don't know that I would advise you to dwell upon this part of the story (though I feel sure you will), for early marriages are not always best. That night my grandfather sauntered home very thoughtfully and slowly. It was a beautiful night, not yet nine (you may stick a pin there, my dears), and my grandfather was in no inclination to shut out the stars and moon with a bed-cover; he sat down on a stile, and thought over his chances of winning old Mr. Fenner over to his plan. Then he thought of Black Franz, and wondered if he was in the neighborhood; he was just a trifle afraid of the rascal, in spite of all his sayings to the contrary; Black Franz was

entirely too quiet to mean good, if ever he meditated good in his life. He thought of the strange noise in the garden at that particular time; what if Black Franz really were there! He would go that minute and allay all apprehensions on that head. But no! Catherine would be in her bed, and what an absurd fool he would be to get that old grimalkin's tongue on him again, and with reason.

So he hesitated, wandering back and forth on the road, until he had worked himself into a fever of alarm and suspense. Suddenly he clinched his hands and strode straight on towards old Fenner's house, which he could see gleaming at a distance between the trees. His walk became a trot, and finally he fairly ran, urged on by some mysterious power which he neither paused to analyze, nor strove to resist.

And now I must tell what happened to his lady love after my grandfather bade her a good night. Sitting down on the door-sill, dropping her chin into her palm dreamily, Catherine Fenner pondered over her lover's arguments, pictured her father satisfied and kind, and was deep in planning household arrangements, when Gretchen laid her hand on her shoulder and dispelled her bright vision.

"Do you know I've spoke to you twice, and here it's after ten, and my hands full for to-morrow; it's time we were in bed."

"Pardon, good Gretchen, I did not know it was so late; I was busy thinking."

"Ay, thinking what millions have thought before you, girl; but you'll waken to the truth soon enough—it's love now; wait till the plodding, never-ending work comes. Were I a young girl I'd never marry the best one of them that stood in leather or wood, high or low."

"Well, well; but have you closed the house, Gretchen; when father's away I feel afraid, and to-night—"

"Well, what of to-night?" demanded the housekeeper, looking curiously at her young mistress.

"Oh! nothing," replied Catherine, with a shiver; "I'm a coward, that's all."

"Then I may tell you, you don't shiver for nothing. Old Carl told me to-day that Black Franz made threats the last time he was here; put that and that together."

"Dear me, what ought we to do, Gretchen, if—if anything *should* happen?"

"Scratch and scold, in daytime; at night blow the shell and scream; I've good lungs."

"But you'll sleep with me to-night, Gretchen?"

"To be sure, if you are afraid. But mind, you must not talk nonsense in your sleep, as you did the last night I slept with you."

And talking this way they ascended to their bed-room. Now, notwithstanding her bold talk, the housekeeper was an arrant coward, as the sequel proves. The moment she closed the bed-room door, she peered into the closet, making some pretence to divert her young mistress's attention, and also stole a glance under the bed. Suddenly she grew deadly pale, and leaned against the scrolled head-piece for support. Her young mistress turning around at that moment beheld the wonderful change which had come over her, and stood in her turn trembling like a leaf; but for a moment. Turning hastily to the window, throwing it open, and looking out, she turned her face into the room again the next moment, to say—

"Indeed, it is so beautiful out here, Gretchen, that I hate to go to bed."

Gretchen understood her in an instant.

"Fie! it's late, child," she replied, as she advanced to Catherine's side, and looked out with her. Catherine pressed a finger over her lips and motioned towards the village; then turned to tie on her nightcap, chattering away lively, poked her head out of the window, and called Gretchen to look at the ring round the moon; she was sure it would rain to-morrow. As she spoke, she loosened her nightcap and flung it far below her, exclaiming—

"Oh! Gretchen, I've dropped my cap; do go down and get it for me, I'm so cowardly."

Gretchen required no second bidding; pretending great reluctance, once out of the room, she bounded out of the house and down the road just in time to stumble against my grandfather, who grasped her wrists tightly.

"Well, well, tell it, tell it, woman, quickly; you see I am here to defend you."

She made him comprehend it all in a word, when my grandfather went into the house deliberately, and loaded a shot gun, belonging to Catherine's father, in a trice; then mounted to Catherine's bed-room alone; poor Gretchen remained below. What happened then never was clearly understood; for the villain under the bed, distinguishing the heavy footsteps, he sprang out from his hiding-place, and rushed upon Catherine with a huge knife in his hand; his hand was descending upon her throat when he fell to the floor, riddled with shot, and bleeding profusely. But not until Catherine received a severe cut on her shoulder that nearly frightened my grandfather out of his

wits; and when he found them again, Black Franz was sleeping his last sleep. The whole neighborhood was aroused, and Gretchen had to relate for the hundredth time how faint she grew when she saw the villain's bare feet under the bed. She was the principal witness, too, and when the story was noised about, people hesitated which to praise first, the woman's wit in dropping her nightcap, or the man's devotion and courage.

Yes, to be sure, old Fenner was proud of his son-in-law, and acted very handsomely by him, for they were married that very summer. But that will do for to-night, dears. We'll have a little music now, if you please.

LOST TREASURES.

BY ALICE WARD.

A flower from my garden has faded,
That I watched with tender care;
I miss every hour its beauty—
My snowdrop so frail and fair.

A gem from my casket is missing,
A jewel both rich and rare;
'Tis lost—I can never recover
The pearl that I used to wear.

A beautiful presence has vanished,
'Twill never come back again;
From my heart, now all joy seems banished,
Or comes only linked with pain.

A room in my heart is forsaken,
A veiled portrait hangs there;
Sweet hopes from my life have been taken,
Instead is a calm despair.

Not death took away all my pleasures,
That would not have been so strange,
But no! I was robbed of these treasures,
By the merciless spirit of change!

AMUSING AND FORTUNATE ANSWER.

A gentleman in Berlin, Prussia, relates that in a Sunday-school recently established there, among other questions, a clergyman asked the children, "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" Up jumped a boy, and with an eager countenance, as though he was certain he knew it, answered, "Because they could not pay their rent." On inquiry it appeared that his parents had been repeatedly turned out of doors for this cause, and that they were now in danger of the same trouble. A collection was taken and they were soon relieved.

TRUE RICHES.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"This accursed beggary!"

"This abounding wealth!" Lea Russell rose exultantly to her feet, and stretched forth her perfect arms with a feeling of conscious power. "Fresh young life, health, strength, spirits untouched by any shadow of care or sorrow, the loving favor of a beneficent Providence—oh, Lynn, we are infinitely rich!"

"Visionary!" Lynn Russell regarded his young wife with mingled wonder and contempt. "That isn't the sort of wealth, little dreamer, that yields a man honor and distinction among men. It doesn't give him houses nor lands; nor buy him sumptuous dinners; nor clothe his wife in purple and fine linen; nor bring a troop of willing servitors to his feet. A very intangible species of riches, my sweet-lipped enthusiast, the value of which cannot be computed by any science of numbers known in the world."

"True, Lynn. Infinity will not fall into finite measures. Who would exchange the riches of a content, born of an unwavering trust in God, for the perishing goods of a million worlds like this—

— 'Where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil!'

Not I. Your houses and lands, your purple and fine linen, are only a handful of poor dust; but the unspeakable riches of love and wisdom are eternal as the heavens, and their glory is from everlasting to everlasting."

"It occurs to me that I have heard just such reasoning before, from people who, notwithstanding their declared contempt of this world's goods, are inwardly desirous to possess them," said Lynn, mockingly. "Confess, now, with downright honesty, little wife, that you are not indifferent to the temporal goods of this life, the real, substantial, veritable things, whose value can be computed by dollars and cents, and which will not dissolve at the touch, unlike the airy kind of riches you speak of, which are invisible to the sight of those who do not possess them. You feel a womanly delight in beautiful things; you love rich personal adornings; you admire tasteful and elegant dwellings, with rare and costly decorations; you experience an inward satisfaction in fair and graceful surroundings; they seem peculiarly fitting to you, and you feel a sort of

proprietaryship in them, as if they belonged to you by right. Now isn't it so? Confess, confess, little woman. I will absolve you."

Lea raised her truthful eyes to her husband's face. "I own freely, Lynn," she said, "that I have respect to these things, and am delighted with them, yet, if they appear to me as anything in themselves, they stand merely as hindrances in the way of my spiritual advancement, for by so much as I feel enriched by them, I am impoverished. Earthly riches can prove nothing but curses to those who imagine that any honor or dignity is derived from their possession; and they are blessings to such alone as feel that they have that within themselves which is infinitely above and beyond mere worldly possessions—to which these can add nothing, and are nothing, excepting so far as they are made subservient to righteous ends."

"I join issues with you there," Lynn said. "Considered in themselves, riches, of course, are not anything; I look upon them solely as a means unto an end, and I claim that a modest portion of this world's goods is necessary to the growth and development of a man's higher nature. When every nerve must be strained to procure the means for sustaining existence; when what shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed? are problems which a man with his own brain and hands is required to practically solve, he has little opportunity to look after the interests of the soul. All finer claims are silenced by the importunate needs of his grosser nature."

"Yet, after all, Lynn, these baser needs are very few. Our actual bodily necessities are easily supplied. It is our artificial wants that consume our substance, and harass and vex us, filling our days with strife and discontent. To reduce these, rather than to administer to them, should be our aim. 'A man who has no wants has attained great freedom and firmness, and even dignity,' says Burke."

"Ah, but men have wants, and, in spite of the philosophers, will seek the means of gratifying them as far as possible. And you will not deny, Lea, that wealth is a needful assistant to mental culture, and that in those things with which people of refined tastes and ample means are permitted to surround themselves,

there are incitements to lofty thought and endeavor which fall not into the barren lives of the poor. You know it. That day, when I went with you to visit the Art Gallery, your face was the most curious study there. You wandered about like one freshly arrived in a world of unimagined beauty and gloriousness, until you came to the picture which held a message for you, and there you stood for three mortal hours—don't shake your head, for frequent consultations with my watch do not admit of a misstatement here—for three mortal hours, I say, you stood with your soul in your face, perfectly oblivious to everything in the material world but those few feet of enchanted canvas. Thrice I drew you away, and thrice, true as the needle to the pole, you turned again to the eloquent yet wordless messenger, and not till the envious twilight thrust its dusky hand between you and the beloved object, did you come away, and then with a hunger in your face that went to my heart, and made me more than ever long for the riches you affect to despise. For a few paltry thousands I might have hung that exquisite touch of inspired fingers where your eyes could have feasted daily upon it, and you would have experienced rest and comfort in the expression which it gave to the passionate cravings and dumb aspirations of your soul."

"I don't know, Lynn. 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' 'tis said, and the eye accustomed to beautiful sights grows heedless of them. It may be that the picture fulfilled its mission to me best as it was. Because I knew that I might never look upon it again with my bodily eyes, I studied it long and intently, so that I am able at any moment to reproduce it in my mind with the utmost fidelity in the minutest detail: and though I came away leaving the material part of the creation, I brought with me the very life and spirit of it, which is all in all. And why should we sigh for works of art, whose fabulous price places them far beyond our reach, while we walk daily in the sight of creations transcending in beauty and magnificence the work of any human hands? Look, I pray you, at that glorious picture framed in the plain wood casements of our open door. Where is the artist who could so skilfully and harmoniously blend the gorgeous colors of that wooded height, set like a huge mosaic against the dark blue background of the sky, along whose ragged coast lie anchored such still white clouds, as, when a child, I used to fancy were ships in which the angels sailed? What peace and tenderness brood in

the foreground of this, God's picture—with its beauty of rolling meadows gemmed here and there with the gold, and crimson, and purple of chestnut, maple, and oak, and margined by the blue winding river which sings at the foot of the royal old mountain with his dazzling tiara of rainbow hues; and over all the dreamy, golden haze of autumnal sunshine—God's smile and benediction! Ah, Lynn, what can the crowd of poor copyists do for us when the living works of the Grand Master are hung at our very door, 'without money and without price?'"

"But when we go back to our smoky town lodgings—where will our picture be then, Lea?"

"We will bear it in our memories, Lynn, and, please God, somewhat of its beauty and tenderness we will put into our lives. And we have other pictures. Who so poor that he has no visions of light and glory within, far exceeding in splendor anything seen by the sensual eye? In my soul are ever-shifting, ever-varying forms of beauty, which are indescribable because incomparable with anything in the visible world—images and representatives of things paradisiacal—coming I know not whence or how—intoxicating in their ravishing but incommunicable loveliness. And then, Lynn, we have this priceless, living picture, a source of ever-increasing joy and comfort, making light and gladness in our home, however humble it may be," and Lea bent with a mother's fondness to kiss the forehead of her sleeping boy. "It is a regal forehead," she said; "he is born to princely heirship in the kingdom of mind. Mark, Lynn, the royal arch of his brows, and the delicate beauty of the blue-veined lid, with its long curling fringe sweeping the pale pink rose of a cheek, fair and smooth as the shining heart of a sea-shell; note the full, quivering nostrils, indicative of keen perceptions; the exquisite curve of the red, sweet lips; the dimpled whiteness of the rounded chin, the very 'nest of the loves!' Where is brush or painter that could lay on canvas a face so marvellously beautiful, or chisel or sculptor that could call from marble a form so faultless in symmetry?"

Lynn's fatherly pride was touched. "He is a noble boy," he said, stooping to press his bearded lip to the flushed cheek, and smooth with a tender hand the shining locks from the full, broad brow of the sleeping child. "But his innocent face reproaches me for his heirship of want, and for the heavy crosses which

poverty lays upon his weak, young shoulders. In this bleak, barren atmosphere of want he will never develop into the cultivated moral and intellectual man that I desire him to be."

"With all my efforts I am not able to break the string on which you are determined to harp," said Lea, laughing. "Now I think our boy will be all the nobler and braver for a little sharp wrestling with difficulties as he comes into the estate of manhood. Luxury enervates and lulls the intellect to sleep; but there are incitements to endeavor in the sometimes formidable though never impassable barriers that poverty lays in the way of an aspiring nature, which bring out its latent strength and hidden resources as nothing else could do. Do you mark, Lynn, the sons of rich men are seldom among the moving powers of the intellectual world? The eagle souls that king it in the realms of will and thought, are no rose-leaf Sybarites, lapped in luxury and indolence; but they are strong, brave, honest Spartans, hardened by necessity to endurance and self-sacrifice, who have contested inch by inch the ground they were determined to possess, gaining by fierce combats with besieging difficulties a spiritual power which elevates them to heaven, and makes them connecting links between angels and men."

"Rhapsody! Like a woman, little wife, you reason without reason. What do you know of these things? This rough and tumble, hand to hand contest with poverty and the devil—this wading through fire, and water, and blood, to reach a resolved end, sounds well in romances and biographies for boys; but when, instead of a paper hero, a real live man comes to that, he is pretty apt to succumb to the evils and difficulties of his lot, and relieve and revenge himself by cursing them now and then. I tell you, Lea Russell, heart-confidante and familiar spirit, I wish good Uncle Nathaniel would go on his long journey and leave the inheritance he has promised us."

The wish had been so often repeated that Lea had ceased to give it any reproof beyond a sad troubled look. She knew this expected legacy was the curse of her husband's life—the rust that lay upon all his powers for usefulness—the strong, sweet poison stupefying his energies and bringing slow ruin and death to the internal man, making him that most wretched and most pitiable of human beings—a waiter in a world where only the brave, honest worker is crowned with peace and true content.

"The good that we will do, Lea, when we come into our fortune!" Lynn continued, brightening up with the thought of his future prospects. "We will prove the divine blessing of riches by the righteous use we shall make of them. Our doors shall stand always open to the homeless and friendless; our hands shall never be closed to the destitute and suffering; and our names and our influence shall be given to every enterprise for the advancement of truth and the promotion of good among men. I feel, Lea, that I am capable of better things than you know of me, and that in another sphere, with larger means and wider space for the free development and exercise of my powers, I should be able to prove my manhood as I never can in this cramped and narrow circle in which my life is cast."

Lea's face was full of meanings which only half revealed themselves in her quiet speech.

"I have noticed," she said, with candor, "that they who ascribe the failure of their lives to untoward circumstances, claiming that in other conditions they would act more wisely and magnanimously, seldom, when brought under the favoring influences they desire, prove themselves better or nobler in any sense than they were before. The truth is, Lynn, the real quality of the man will manifest itself in any condition of life, and if he neglects his duty and fails to do the utmost good he can in a lower sphere, he gives little assurance of usefulness in a higher."

"My little Xantippe! What a scathing tongue! But when the time comes, I shall remove your wicked skepticism, and open your eyes to the utter fallacy of your reasoning. Until then we may as well drop these useless arguments."

"As you will, Lynn."

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space.

The time had come for the promised opening of Lea's eyes. Lynn's irreverent wish was gratified; the "good uncle" had gone on his "long journey," leaving, in consequence of the death of his only son, the bulk of his large property to his favorite nephew.

Lea dropped her head with an exclamation of pain when her husband appeared in his deep mourning suit upon the day of the burial.

"It does look as if I were acting the part of a hypocrite, I own, little one," he said, divining her thought. "But custom and decency demand some show of mourning—and then it is not altogether an empty show, for I really

do regret the death of my worthy uncle, while at the same time I rejoice in the comfortable little patrimony which he leaves me. I suppose, if such a thing were permissible, I should wear funeral and festive garments at once, the latter, of course, predominating. Don't look so shocked, simple heart. These sable trappings signify as much with me as with half who don them on similar occasions. Is not he a wise man and a philosopher who wears his grief upon his sleeve, and carries peace and serenity in his breast? There, there!" and Lynn dropped his hand over his wife's reproaching eyes, "I shall make you wear green goggles if you look at me like that."

But somehow Lynn did not come into that state of blessedness which he had anticipated with the change in his condition of life. The old restlessness and discontent clung to him all the same. Outward prosperity brought no inward tranquillity. In the midst of external good he lived in internal squalor and wretchedness. It was as if he had put on splendid apparel over the filth and rags of abject poverty; and though he experienced a kind of delight and pride in his goodly outside, still an inward sense of discomfort and dissatisfaction remained with him which no external circumstance could quite remove. As the novelty of his situation wore off, he began dimly to comprehend how matters stood with him. For Lynn Russell was not essentially bad—he knew his failings, regretted them, desired to amend, but he was superficial, and did not go down to the heart of things to find out the sources of his troubles. It was true, as he said, he possessed the latent power of acting more nobly and truly than he did; but with no perception of the real seat of his difficulties, he weakly charged his failures upon this or that outward circumstance, imagining that under happier auspices he could perfect himself in all virtue, and seeing not at all that from within and not from without must come the force which should lift his life up to the exalted height to which he aspired.

With the ample fortune so long coveted at his command, his vast shadowy plans for good were in some measure carried out. Still, not with the success and satisfaction anticipated. None donated so munificently; none entertained with such princely hospitality; none entered more comprehensively into all projects for the advancement of human interests. But something was lacking. Lynn felt it. His charities were not penetrated through and

through with that spirit of love which makes even the smallest gift a kindling of sacred fire in the receiver's heart; nor was there underlying his hospitality that gentle humility and gracious deference with which one might "entertain angels unawares;" neither was he prompted to any act of benevolence by the ringing in his soul of that glorious anthem of "peace and good will," which knits all men together in holy brotherhood. Here was somewhat wrong. Lynn Russell, the man of wealth and influence, was no happier than Lynn Russell the poor, unknown artisan, and hunting in his soul for a solution of the mystery, he began seriously to question if there were not after all worthier and nobler motives of action than worldly honor and praise.

He had been perhaps something over a year in possession of his uncle's fortune, when one day there came to his house a strange visitor, requesting a private interview, which, with a tremor at his heart, for which he could not account, he reluctantly granted. For several hours he remained closeted with his guest, and when in the gray winter twilight he came into the pleasantly lighted parlor where Lea was sitting, she saw that his face wore a troubled, harassed look, in addition to the moody discontent which was its habitual expression.

"What is it, Lynn?"

"A sick man's dream—a story of romance," he said, looking abstractedly into the glowing grate.

"Tell me, please."

"You know, perhaps, that it was in consequence of some disagreement between my uncle and Cousin Clement, that the latter had not visited home for two years previous to his death."

"I have heard something of the kind."

"The cause of the difficulty was, of course, a woman (I beg your pardon, my dear), to whom, for near a score of years, it had been a cherished plan of my uncle to unite his only son. But Clement, with the spirit of a true novel hero, declined to have the bride of another's choosing settled upon him, and when the time came for pressing the matter, coolly declared his indifference to his father's enraged threat of disinheritance if his wishes were not complied with, and with characteristic independence cast off the paternal yoke and went out to seek his own fortune. Now, to give the proper tinge of romance to this sentimental episode, there must needs have been a prior attachment, culminating in a clandestine marriage, and such my visitor of to-

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day informs me was the real case. It seems that somewhere in his wanderings, after the completion of his studies, Clement had met with his "fate"—as school-girls phrase it—in the person of a "beautiful but penniless girl"—a favorite character with story-tellers—whom he privately married, as my informant guesses, with the view of keeping the union a dead secret until after the death of his father, who he believed would not disinherit him so long as he thought the chance stood open for the realization of his petted scheme. But death, without respect to the plans of his subjects, came to Clement first, and that, too, in a very sudden manner, as you recollect; and the young wife, for some nameless reason still preserving the secret, continued to maintain by her own exertions, herself and child, (do you mark? there was a *child*, Lea;) until quite recently, finding her health rapidly failing, and being almost entirely friendless, she so far overcame her pride or timidity, or whatever it was that had hitherto held her silent, as to address, in behalf of her boy, a letter to my uncle, whom she supposed still living. Meeting with no response, (by the way, Lacy and I decided the letter at the time of its reception to be a mere imposture, and said nothing about it abroad,) she resolved to send an intercessor, in the person of the gentleman who has honored me to-day by a call, and who found things in rather a different shape, I imagine, from what he expected. There, wife, I have related in brief a circumstance which, with slight variations, stands as the corner-stone in the structure of some scores of modern romances."

Lea, who had listened with interest to the story, drew a quick breath, and looked at her husband intently. "What will you do, Lynn?"

"Why, I shall take the proper steps to prove the truth of the statement, and if the woman is not an imposter, but the lawful wife of my Cousin Clement, I shall, of course, provide liberally for her wants and those of her child."

"Is that all?" There was disappointment in Lea's tones, which Lynn construed into actual reproach.

"All?" he repeated. "What more is required? Few would do so well as that, for there is no probability that she could prove her claims to the estate, even if she had money and influence to urge her pretensions, which she has not."

"It is not a question of law, but of honor

and right," Lea said. "I think we ought not to give a moment's consideration to the matter from a legal point of view. We are judged by diviner laws than those of men, and we have no need to appeal to worldly courts of justice for a right adjustment of our affairs. The truth is simply this: If we remain in possession of Uncle Russell's estate, we are defrauding Clement's son."

"How so? The property was willed unconditionally to me."

"Yes; but it was willed in total ignorance that Clement, the rightful heir, had either wife or child."

"And I am confident beyond a doubt that such knowledge would have made no difference with my uncle, as far as regarded the disposition of his property," said Lynn, with some excitement. "He would most positively have disowned Clement, had a whisper of his secret marriage come to his ears, and it is not reasonable to suppose that he ever would have acknowledged the widow and her son."

"I am not sure of that, Lynn. He was passionate, and apt to threaten if his plans were thwarted; but he was not, after all, revengeful, and did not cherish wrath. We know that after Clement's death he lived in constant self-reproach for the course he had pursued with him, and had he known that it was in his power to amend, in some sense, the wrong he had done, he was not one, I believe, who would have let the opportunity slip unimproved. But however that may be, it has nothing to do with the question now at issue. Justice should be done, though it clash with the will of the dead, and when the latter proves to be in simple opposition to right, it ceases to have any binding power. It was the unquestionable privilege of Clement to marry whom he loved, or, at all events, to decline to marry whom he did not love; and I cannot see that he forfeited his inheritance by refusing to take upon his soul the guilt of perjury. I blame him for one thing only—that he kept his union secret; but it is not just that his child should suffer for the error. And I repeat, Lynn, if we continue in possession of the estate, we are wronging Clement Russell's son, whatever the ugly twists in man-made laws may say to the contrary."

Lynn was walking the floor with quick, impatient strides.

"Your notions of honor are too nice for every-day use, Lea," he said. "But I think we had better not make the transfer until we know that Clement Russell's son is not a

myth," was added, sarcastically. "Investigation may prove the story without foundation."

But investigation did not prove the story unfounded. On the contrary, every inquiry brought added confirmations of the truth, and Lynn was forced to fortify himself with other arguments against the insisted sacrifice of the material good to which he had so long aspired.

"You know, Lea," he said, when the subject was again discussed, "you know I am willing to do what is fair and honorable in this matter, but I cannot see the necessity for surrendering the whole. Mrs. Russell would be fully satisfied with a small annuity, and the knowledge that, in the event of her death, her young son would be amply provided for. So far from desiring to possess the entire estate, I do not believe she would accept it if it were offered her."

"So much greater, by contrast, is our shame and dishonor, if we persist in holding what is not ours," Lea answered.

"But it was willed to us. It is *ours*," repeated Lynn, for the twentieth time.

"I am sure it is not necessary for me to mention again the circumstances under which the will was made," Lea said.

"But are you really desirous—are you at heart even willing to give up the luxuries and elegancies of your present surroundings, and go back to the hard, barren life, which was ours two years ago?"

"Not only 'willing,' and 'desirous,' Lynn, but I cannot even consent to remain where we are."

"And to this overstrained sense of honor you would sacrifice the good of your child, and rob him of his inheritance. What an absurd bit of folly!"

"We can leave him no prouder inheritance than an honest name, and we could not lay on him a deeper curse than the wealth which rightfully belongs to another," said Lea, earnestly.

"But, my preacher of beneficence and sacrificial acts, think of the vast means of good which we relinquish with the estate. Henceforward we must turn a deaf ear to all appeals for charity, and show our empty hands."

"Not so. He only lacks the means to give aid and comfort to his fellows who is wanting in the *will*. How much more real good have you done in the past year than in years previous?"

Lynn began to enumerate the sums he had

given for benevolent purposes, but Lea lifted her hand in deprecation.

"The benevolence which can be estimated by dollars and cents has a frozen ring, Lynn, and is not of the true golden kind. The purest deeds of charity are not those by which the greatest material assistance is rendered."

"I will not talk with you, Lea Russell, for you argue without reason. But if you knew the world so well as I, and had it to deal with, you would not be so willing to give up the only power which it respects, and retreat into the shadow of its contempt."

"Ah, Lynn, 'let the world go by.' We can do without a reverence which is not paid to true merit; but our own approbation we must have, to insure us inward peace. And, my husband, we never can be happy—never, in the truest sense, *rich*, so long as this wrong to the widow and the fatherless lies upon our souls."

Lynn felt it. Away down in his heart were just such whisperings; but he might have smothered them had his wife not given them a voice. Now they filled his life with contention. The struggle was a fierce one, and it lasted long, but in one grand moment of self-immolation, he performed the act which at once impoverished and enriched him. I may not deny that afterwards there were times of pressure and discouragement, when—God pity poor human nature!—he repented the deed, and called it an act of folly; but, in seasons of clearer mental vision, Lynn Russell was wont to say—"The riches that we signed away, true heart, were mere dross in comparison with those which crowned us in the act."

WAY TO SEND A "CIPHER" MESSAGE.

Wrap a strip of paper slanting around a pencil-case, ruler, or any round object, making all the edges meet. Write upon it, and then unwrap it; it will be quite a chaos, but when brought back to its old position on the roller, it will be as legible as this print. The roller would have to be the same in both cases, with the sender and recipient, but this could easily be arranged before-hand. The message might also be written zig zag on the roller, and thus increase the difficulty of reading it.

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

NOT ANYTHING FOR PEACE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

Two men, named Archibald Wing and Thomas Ellis, owning property that was divided by a small stream, having a good fall, joined equally in the expense of building a dam in order to secure a water power for milling purposes. Wing, who was a Scotchman, and originally a weaver, built a small woollen factory, while Ellis erected a flour mill.

Almost from the outset of this arrangement, the parties disagreed. Wing was a far-sighted, selfish, and unscrupulous person, who looked simply to his own advantage; while Ellis had regard to what was just between man and man. The site on one bank of the stream was superior to that on the other; the advantage being in favor of the Scotchman. Comprehending this, he offered to sell his neighbor as much ground as would be required for locating his mill, a few hundred yards below the point selected for his own. Ellis was about accepting this proposition, when a mutual friend warned him against an arrangement which might lead to trouble.

"Build on your own side," said the friend. "even though some disadvantages are involved. In any disagreement with Wing, don't you see that he will have it in his power to annoy and injure you by stopping the supply of water."

"He cannot stop my mill without stopping his own," answered Mr. Ellis. "So you see I have a guarantee in that consideration."

"Don't trust to any such guarantee. There are men of so revengeful a spirit, that they will not hesitate at wronging even themselves so that injury may fall upon another. I don't charge such a spirit on Mr. Wing; but you know, as well as I do, that he has some strange peculiarities of character, and is inclined to disagreements with his neighbors. He is self-willed, and much disposed to have things his own way."

"I don't see how trouble can arise between us," replied Ellis. "The water, as it comes from his wheel, will enter my forebay. The matter is very simple."

"May I suggest a way in which trouble can arise?"

"Oh, certainly. Forewarned, forearmed, as the proverb says."

"His works will be lighter than yours?"

"Yes."

"And, therefore, require less water."

"Yes."

"The ordinary quantity flowing from his tail-race, will not give you sufficient head for more than a single pair of mill-stones."

"I am sure you err in that."

"Will it be amply sufficient for two pairs?" asked the neighbor.

"Perhaps not," was answered.

"What then?"

"He must keep his waste-gate open, of course."

"But will he, friend Ellis?"

"Do you question it?" was asked, in manifest surprise.

"Will it be wise for you to place yourself so much in the power of any man? I say no; and if you are not fully committed in the plan of building on Wing's side of the falls, take my advice and build on your own. Draw your supply of water through your own race, direct from the dam, and then you will be independent."

On reflection, Mr. Ellis resolved to heed this advice, and, immediately calling on his neighbor, notified him that he would build on his own ground.

"But you have agreed to buy the site on my ground," answered Wing, manifesting considerable disturbance.

"The bargain was not closed," Ellis replied, speaking firmly. "We talked it over, and I own that, on first considering your proposal, I favored it. Since turning it over in my mind, however, I have concluded to build on my own side, and take water direct from the dam."

"But, don't you see," urged Mr. Wing, "that, in this event, we shall, during the summer time, have a short supply of water, and neither of us be able to run over half the time; while, if we use the same water, you receiving it after me, as proposed, the head will be sufficient in the driest season."

"I don't apprehend trouble from that source," answered Mr. Ellis; "and if I can get water enough for my purposes, you will have more than enough. In any event, the loss will be mine, for your machinery will go

whirring like a top under a head of water scarcely sufficient to set a single pair of mill-stones in motion."

Wing soon saw that his neighbor was in earnest, and that it would be of no use to press him farther on the subject. So, the matter dropped between them, and both joined in constructing the dam. But, all the while it was building, Wing silently pondered the means of securing an advantage over Mr. Ellis. The fact that the flour mill would take more water than he could use in his small establishment, worried his mind whenever the thought was presented. It seemed as if Mr. Ellis were getting an advantage over him, and that was something he never could submit to, passively. If there was to be any advantage, in his dealing with other men, it must be on his side.

In a matter so intimately touching the rights of both parties, as the joint ownership and respective obligations connected with the mill-dam, it was deemed safest to have a paper drawn up by a skillful lawyer, defining their relative duties and interests. Ellis was not very particular about the form, accepting the general scope of the document in its first draft; but Wing scanned every sentence with care, and weighed the meaning of each important word with suspicious accuracy. A dozen alterations were made before he would consent to sign the paper.

Almost simultaneously with the beginning of work on the dam, were operations commenced by the two men at their respective mill sites; and these went on vigorously, until the walls of each building began to rise above the well-laid foundations.

About this time, certain movements on the spot which was at first selected by Mr. Ellis, on his neighbor's side of the stream, attracted his attention. Men were engaged in clearing it up, digging, and hauling away cart loads of earth. A suspicion flashed into the mind of Mr. Ellis; but he pushed it aside as unworthy. Still the digging went on, and in a day or two, he saw stone begin to arrive. This was conclusive as to the purpose of his neighbor to erect a building of some kind. So Mr. Ellis went over, and asked a few questions in a friendly way, to which he received cold and unsatisfactory replies.

The only thing really learned was, that Mr. Wing had rented the ground to a man living in the next village, a Mr. Adam Wheeler, who was going to put up some kind of works; what, Mr. Wing averred that he neither knew nor cared.

"Is he to have water power?" was the natural inquiry of Mr. Ellis.

To this query, he got only the same don't-know and don't-care reply.

"But," said Mr. Ellis, in respectful remonstrance, "it is of concern for me to know whether there are to be two mills to take water from the dam on your side, or only one."

With this, Wing fired up and became rather abusive, at the same time claiming the right to take at least as much water as his neighbor, which could not be as things stood in their original aspect. Mr. Ellis was a peace-loving man, and retired from this contest, resolved to let things take their course rather than get into a quarrel with his neighbor. "I shall manage to get water enough," he said to himself, and so went on with the work of construction.

But a friend who saw what was in progress across the falls, brought the subject back again to the consideration of Mr. Ellis, and enjoined him, by all means, to have the matter definitively settled before advancing a single step farther. Together the contract was examined, and the friend pointed out and dwelt upon a clause that, interpreted in the spirit of the whole agreement, would prevent Wing from using water except for the woollen mill he was engaged in erecting. Other clauses, which Wing had introduced into the agreement, were of rather vague signification, and might be urged, in a lawsuit, against the evident reading of the document. Mr. Ellis saw this, and remarked, in a rather discouraged voice—

"I'm afraid I've been tricked. My neighbor has been too sharp for me."

"So much the more necessity for stopping where you are," said the friend. "The dam cannot be completed without your consent, as one side rests on your property."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Ellis. "In this contract, I assented to the erection, and could be held to my agreement. The work cannot be stopped now."

"It would be stopped, if I were in your place," returned the friend. "Not another stone or timber should be laid until the question now involved was finally adjusted."

"I don't want to get into a quarrel with Wing; and a quarrel I am sure to have if I cross him now. Let the matter pass, and come out as it will. Anything for peace. I shall get all the water required for my mill, no doubt. Except for two or three months in the year, no short supply need be apprehended.

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"There is only one way to peace," said the friend, "and that is the way of mutual rights. If you permit a single aggression from a bad man, you only encourage him to farther wrongs. Success to the evil, is like the taste of blood on a tiger's lips. Make a stand now, while you occupy some vantage ground."

"And get into a lawsuit?"

"Perhaps yea, perhaps nay. But if the lawsuit is to come, accept it on the threshold, and settle the dispute before all you have is invested in these improvements which may be rendered valueless by some unlooked-for move of your neighbor across the falls."

But, Mr. Ellis had not sufficient courage to accept the issue. "Anything for peace," he kept saying to himself—"Anything for peace;" and went on with his mill and the dam.

No very long time passed before word came to Mr. Ellis that Adam Wheeler, the person to whom Wing had rented the site, was going to put up a grist mill. This he did not credit at first; for he could not believe so ill a thing of his neighbor. But it was repeated to him again and again, and by such good authority, that he felt bound to look carefully into the matter. So he went to the other side for personal investigation. Since the remonstrance at first entered, there had been coldness between him and Mr. Wing, and they had, in mutual repulsion, stood aloof from each other.

On visiting the site to which we have referred, he found Mr. Wheeler on the ground. Questions in regard to the improvements he saw progressing, were not needed. His practised eyes read, at a glance, the purpose of everything.

"You are putting up a flour mill, I see," was his remark to Wheeler.

"I am," was the steady reply.

Mr. Ellis looked at the man sharply for some moments, and then put the question—

"Are you not advised that the building of such a mill is in violation of my contract with Mr. Wing?"

"I don't know anything about your arrangements with Mr. Wing," curtly answered Wheeler. "Mine with him are clear enough. I have paid for water privileges, and shall use them. If you have anything to object, lay the case before Wing."

The blood of Mr. Ellis was stirred. He felt angry and combative.

"I'll see about this!" he said to himself, striding away from the place, and going in search of Mr. Wing. He was resolved to take

issue at once, and, as his friend had advised him, settle this matter with the Scotchman, even at the expense of a lawsuit.

But, it so happened, that Wing was absent, and before Ellis reached his own side of the falls, his hot blood lost its ardor, and moved more slowly along his veins.

"Anything for peace," dropping from his lips, as he entered his own premises, told the story of his state of mind.

On the next day, in cooler blood, he met the Scotchman, who put on a repellant countenance.

"I was over to see you, yesterday," said Mr. Ellis.

"Ah! I was not aware of it." Wing's aspect grew more forbidding. He did know of the visit; and of what had passed between his neighbor and Mr. Wheeler.

"I called to ascertain if something I had heard was really true."

"What did you hear?"

"That Wheeler was building a flour mill."

"And did you satisfy yourself?" Wing's tone and manner were offensive.

"I did."

"He is building a flour mill?"

"Yes, under a right accepted from you; but a right which our contract does not, as you are aware, authorize."

"As I am aware?" There was affected surprise, as well as indignation, in the voice of Wing.

"Certainly, as *you* are aware," coolly answered Mr. Ellis. "In the joint building of this dam, only a single mill on either side was contemplated. Your use of it was to be limited to a woollen mill, and mine to a flour mill."

"Is that set down, in so many words, in the contract?" asked Wing, almost with a sneer.

"If not in so many words, the spirit is there; and your course, now, is in direct violation of that spirit."

"Go home and read your contract again," said Wing, in a very offensive manner, and turned away, haughtily, from his neighbor.

Ellis did read it again, over and over, a dozen times, and, at each new reading, saw the stipulations less and less clearly. As first drawn, the contract was a very plain one, expressing the rights of each in a few explicit words; but, under the changes and interpolations suggested by the wily Scotchman, he could not understand it as binding to any specific thing, in fair readable language. After worrying himself over the matter for a

day or two, Mr. Ellis, who, in his very soul, detested strife, receded from the resolute position which, under the excitement of natural indignation he had assumed, and justifying his weak, non-combatant inclinations by the oft-repeated sentiment, "Anything for peace!" let the issue pass, and went on with the work of building his mill.

CHAPTER II.

A few weeks more were permitted to elapse without any movement on the part of Mr. Ellis towards a settlement of this serious difference of opinion between him and Mr. Wing, touching their mutual rights and privileges under the contract for building the dam. The original understanding between them was plain enough, and he had considered the written agreement as a simple record of that understanding. To have deviated in anything from its true meaning, he would have regarded as seeking a dishonorable advantage. The conduct of his neighbor, therefore, outraged his sense of justice quite as much as it alarmed his fears. It was plain that wrong was intended; but he could not make up his mind to resist the wrong, and so get into a quarrel.

Mr. Ellis was standing by the nearly finished abutment against which the dam and head-gates on his side of the stream were to rest, examining the work, when the friend who had before warned him against his neighbor on the other side, came up, and said—

"How have you settled that difference with Wing? I see that Wheeler is still going on with the flour mill."

"It isn't settled at all," replied Mr. Ellis. "The fact is, Wing and I have not met since we conversed on the subject."

The friend shook his head, saying—

"Wrong, all wrong, Mr. Ellis. You're making trouble for the future. Stop where you are. Don't lay another stone or another timber until this thing is settled."

"We have gone too far to stop now," said Ellis, "particularly so, as a quarrel and lawsuit will be certain to follow; and for both of these I have an instinctive horror. I've thought about the matter a great deal, and in a choice of evils, I think the preference lies on the side I am taking."

The friend looked upon the ground where they were standing, and pointing with his finger, said—

"Do you see that immense burdock?"

"Yes," replied Ellis.

"It was once no larger than this dimin-

utive weed which I pull up with two fingers." The friend stooped, and drew, easily from the ground, a small plant less than four inches high. "Now," he added, "try with all your strength, and you cannot displace the other. Nay, it's strongly imbedded roots would resist our united force. Only by pickaxe or spade can it be destroyed. Just so will it be with this unsettled dispute. Take it now, and the wrong may easily be eradicated; but let the wrong go on strengthening and increasing, and you will find it an enemy almost impossible to destroy."

Mr. Ellis looked sober. He saw the force of his friend's illustration. Still, he shrunk from the issue presented. His soul abhorred strife.

"I would do almost anything for peace," he said, despondingly.

"We cannot always have peace on easy terms. Too often it can be secured only at the price of war; and it is better to accept of war, when our enemy is weak, and we have the best position, than to wait until the situations are reversed. One thing is certain, and the sooner you make up your mind to accept and act upon the necessity the better. You cannot escape a war."

"It is a cruel necessity—a wicked necessity," said Mr. Ellis, much disturbed.

"I grant you that it is. But, there being no escape, act with courage and promptness. Be a strong, brave man, entrenching yourself behind a just cause, asking nothing but right, and yielding to no encroachments from wrong."

"What would you advise? What step should I take?" asked Mr. Ellis, in a half undetermined manner.

"Stop this work at once, and refuse to advance an inch until the spirit of your original contract is observed on the other side. The dam cannot be finished without your consent. Wing and Wheeler may go on with their mills if they please, but, if the dam remains incomplete, their works are useless."

"I have already expended two thousand dollars," said Mr. Ellis. "Must that all remain a dead loss? I can't afford it! My future prosperity depends on the completion of this mill."

"Your future prosperity, say rather, depends on the present settlement of this disagreement with Wing," returned the other.

"What great harm can he do me, after all?" urged Mr. Ellis. "Isn't the dispute one about imaginary rights and privileges more than

about real ones? I shall get all the water I want from my side of the dam. Suppose Wing and Wheeler do use a larger quantity? What of that, so I get enough?"

"A great deal of that, if it is used in a determined violation of a contract between the parties; for then, a wrong to justice is done, and an evil-doer is encouraged to trespass on his neighbor."

"But, suppose I am willing to accept the trespass, in order to avoid a quarrel? What then?"

"Two evils will follow. The wrong-doer, thus encouraged to wrong by the benefit received—as the robber is encouraged on receipt of plunder—will not hesitate at additional wrong in your case, nor fail to regard success as a motive for trespass on others. As a brave, true man, Mr. Ellis, your duty is plain. Security to yourself, and loyalty to justice, demand all the sacrifice of feeling this contest with Wing may require. Let him comprehend, so clearly that he will never fall into the mistake again, that you mean right towards others, and will exact right towards yourself. Suspend all your operations at once, and give him notice in writing that you will neither lay a stone nor strike a hammer until his arrangement with Wheeler, in violation of the original compact, be set aside."

"That he'll never do!" replied Mr. Ellis. "I might as well give up for good and all—abandoning everything."

"A great deal better abandon everything in its present condition, than advance a step, if such is the man you have to deal with," said the friend; "for, rely upon it, he will not let one, over whom an advantage is so easily gained, pass free from injury in the future. He will prey on you all the while."

"How that is possible, is beyond my ability to see," was answered, "and I've studied the case pretty thoroughly."

"As you will," returned the friend, whose ardor now began to cool. "But, my word for it, if you don't settle this affair now, you'll only repent it once in your life, and that will be a perpetual repentance."

After this conversation, Mr. Ellis passed a good many days of sober thought. Reason admonished him that his friend was right; but the old cry arose in his spirit—"Anything for peace!" and he shrunk from the impending strife. He was the more ready to shrink, after a brief interview with the Scotchman, for he found him sternly resolved to advance in the way he was going. An intimation by Mr. Ellis

that he might suspend operations entirely on his side of the dam, if Wing did not recede from his position, was met by such violence of language, and in such a fierce and threatening spirit, that the peace-loving man was really frightened. He saw, that in any contention which might arise, he would have a desperate and vindictive antagonist—one who would not scruple at any means of annoyance and injury—and he was not brave enough to throw down the gauntlet, and enter the arena of battle.

In a conversation which passed between Wing and Wheeler, immediately subsequent to this stormy interview, the Scotchman said, coolly—

"I know my man. You can frighten him as easily as you can frighten a hare."

"Oh, bluff's the game with men of his kidney!" answered Wheeler, coarsely.

"I said, when he broke that agreement about the mill site, he'd repent of it before long," remarked Wing, in a tone of evil triumph, "and I'm always as good as my word. He shall repent. When a man once breaks with me, we are two forever; and if he gets ahead of me after that, why he's welcome to all the advantage."

"But, suppose he were to do as he threatens—suspend work on his side of the dam?" Wheeler looked serious as he asked the question.

Wing shrugged his shoulders, but answered—

"No fear of that."

"It would block our game," said Wheeler.

"Yes; without the dam our mills would be worthless. But you may set your heart at rest on that score. Ellis will go on with the work. He's terribly afraid of law; and the moment he withdraws his men, I will have him served with a writ to answer for a violation of the contract."

"In case he stands a suit, the chances are all in his favor," remarked Wheeler.

"Perhaps they are; but law is uncertain. Besides, I have a lawyer who knows all the ins and outs, all the quirks and turns of the court-room. A man who can bully and brag on the outside, as well as work silently and in the dark. I'll trust my case with him, on a good contingent fee."

"And lose it," said Wheeler. "Take my advice, and don't get your case in the hands of a jury; for twelve fair men will say that Ellis is right and you are wrong."

"Twelve fair men might do so; but did you

ever hear of twelve clear-headed, honest, fair-dealing men being on a jury at the same time? Even on a jury trial I might win. Still, I have no idea of letting the case go into court. Should Ellis get baulky and unmanageable, I'll submit to an arbitration. If this is kept off until we get our mills well advanced, the vagueness of the contract, and the largeness of the interests involved on our side, will naturally lead the arbitrators to the conclusion that I clearly understood the existence of a right to put up two mills on my property. It will be argued on my side that no possible harm can inure to Ellis by a use of the water, as power, that flows from my wheel."

"And argued on his," returned Wheeler, "that in building a flour-mill on this side his business must suffer loss."

"Yes, that ground will undoubtedly be taken, and with a strong show of reason. But I have faith in being able to keep beyond the law's interference. Ellis is a timid, peace-loving man, and I shall give him a threatening or stormy side whenever we meet, just as his mood may happen to require. One thing is certain, I am not going to back down unless under constraint of law. When I once take a course, nothing but an impassable barrier can stop me. And I have, in this thing, taken my course."

Thus the matter stood on Archibald Wing's side. He knew that he was in the wrong and an aggressor; but meant to hold his position by all available means, fair or foul. For a man like Ellis, he was a hard antagonist; yet this made resistance to wrong, at the very outset, the more imperative. In all such cases, the first conflict of forces is best; for then it almost always happens that right is a nearer match for wrong than at any time afterwards, and able to conquer at the lightest cost.

Steadily, day by day, the works on each side of the stream went on, and the builders, stimulated by Wing, carried on the dam rapidly towards completion. Ellis was troubled with many forebodings of evil. He felt that he was in the hands of two unscrupulous men, who not only had the power, but the will, to do him wrong; and yet he did not possess the courage to accept at once the struggle which was coming, and conquer a peace ere heavier interests were involved, and larger disasters inevitable. "Anything for peace" was still his cry, when the question of resistance forced itself upon his consideration.

At last the dam was completed, and the mills on both sides ready to go into operation.

By this time, the feeling of antagonism between Mr. Ellis and the Scotchman had become so strong, that they held no intercourse. If they happened to meet, they simply recognized each other with a distant nod. For months, Mr. Ellis had refrained from going over to his neighbor's side of the falls, and knew nothing, by personal inspection, of the interior arrangement and capacity of Wheeler's merchant and grist-mill. But kind and officious friends kept him posted. One of these came to him soon after the dam and flumes were completed, and said—

"I heard something yesterday that I think you should know."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"It came from one of Wing's millwrights."

"Ah? Well, what is it?"

"It must be taken, of course, with some grains of allowance; but I shouldn't at all wonder if it were true. Wing is just the man for such a trick."

"What trick? Speak out plainly!" urged Mr. Ellis.

"He says that Wing's head gates are at least fourteen inches lower than yours."

"No—no! He wouldn't dare to do such a thing!" said Mr. Ellis, at once excited.

"As to his daring," replied the friend, "he will dare anything to secure an advantage. If it is true, and you'd better see to it at once, it will enable him to reduce your head of water in dry seasons just that number of inches, to your injury and his gain."

"I will see to it, and that immediately," was the resolve of Mr. Ellis, who was considerably excited by this grave intimation. But the question as to the means of ascertaining whether the thing alleged were true or not, caused a long and unsatisfactory debate. Wing would, of course, meet the accusation with an indignant denial. Only by a survey, skilfully conducted, was the exact level of the two openings for head gates to be determined; and as this would involve an open rupture between the high contending parties, the mind of Ellis again fell into doubt, and became embarrassed by hesitation. Seriously did he regret his failure to meet the difficulty at an earlier period, and have it pressed to a settlement when the decision could have been met and accepted with but slight injury on either side. Now, as nearly everything he had in the world was invested in his mill improvement, he was anxious to get to work, and realize some of the advantages for which he had been waiting, spending, and laboring. To

enter, at this point, on a quarrel, with its excitement, delays, and unknown consequences, was an alternative which he could not accept. And so, trusting that all would come out right, Mr. Ellis left his neighbor to the enjoyment of any advantage he might hold, and turned his whole attention to his mill.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR BIDDY.

HOW SHE CAME TO US.

It was the first pumpkin pie of the season. All summer long the children had watched the growth of the big yellow vegetable, as it lay basking in the sunshine down in the old corn-field. With wonderful forbearance they had left unutilized the hollow green stalk, which presented such temptation to the youthful musicians in its adaptedness to the manufacture of extempore flutes. Once a week it had received accurate measurement, and occasioned mutual congratulations, when it was discovered to be gradually outstripping all its cotemporaries in the same field. One bright October day, just at sunset, the great strong oxen came plodding across the orchard, dragging a cart loaded high with corn-stalks, at the summit of which rode in high glee my five little ones. It was their triumphal car. In the centre, they bore the "big pumpkin." The next day a pie was made. They helped to cut the golden blocks, and threw them in the iron kettle to boil; they watched with curious eyes the mysterious mixing of eggs, milk, sugar, and what not; they saw the compound finally stowed away to bake with the bread and cakes in the old brick oven. At noon-time the dinner was hastily bolted in anticipation of the long-coveted dessert. It was placed upon the table at last. There was the momentary stillness of expectation. I broke the silence:—

"A new family has moved into 'The Block,' children. They have just 'come over,' and Ann Kelly tells me they have neither food nor clothing. Now, shall I send to them this pumpkin pie, or will you have it yourselves, as I at first intended?"

Five pairs of hands went up deprecatingly. Five pair of eyes looked longingly at that tempting section of a golden sphere. Five little hearts fluttered doubtfully between the promptings of desire on the one hand, and pity on the other; but the gentler promptings conquered the tickling palates at last, and five little tongues gave cordial assent to the sacrifice.

"They should have the pleasure of bestowing the gift themselves," I said, and all should go save little four-year-old, who was quite

too young and tender to be trusted in a place of such doubtful reputation as "The Block;" so they left her behind, chewing her apron-string, and vainly striving to keep the tears back, which would come, in view of this double disappointment. Martyn, big with the bluster and importance of fourteen years, took the lead, carrying the envied pie, and moving behind him in regular order, the little party took up its "line of march."

"The Block" was a large, square wooden building, rented to a number of Irish families, who were stowed away in every conceivable nook and corner of the premises. From garret to cellar it was filled with the poor creatures, and on Sundays it looked not unlike an immense human bee-hive, with its windows full of frowzy heads, and the people creeping lazily in and out at the low doorways. Martyn confidently averred (and he had pursued the census man a half a square upon his last rounds to inquire) that there were "at least twenty-five families in 'The Block,' and they every one took boarders."

It was a dark place inside, full of passages, ways, and alleys, and gloomy staircases; but the children had been there before, upon similar errands, and knew the way very well; so they only stopped a moment on the first floor to obtain explicit directions from Ann Kelly, and hastened on, to the low, dirty room, where the new family had taken up its abode.

"Cabbages and garlic!" exclaimed Martyn, as they came to the interior of the building, where the concentrated essence of that peculiar Irish smell of cooked victuals mingled with the odor of vile tobacco, greeted the olfactories of the little party. "Here, Maria, you just take the pie while I hold my nose; this is the door, the one with the broken panel."

The door was partially open; they pushed it still farther, and halted on the threshold. There were only two occupants of the apartment, and one was a corpse. It had been prepared for burial by some of the women of the house, and stretched upon an old door for want of a better bier, while over it leaned and moaned a young girl about

fifteen years of age, swaying to and fro, and sobbing bitterly.

Unnoticed, the children approached, and set the pie down upon a chair. "Shall we go out?" whispered Martyn.

"No, wait a minute; I want to speak to her," said Maria.

Advancing, and laying her hand on the mourner's arm, in sympathizing tones the little girl inquired—"What makes you cry so?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned the stranger, unheeding the question, as she continued the rocking motion, the tears meanwhile streaming down her cheeks.

Again the question was asked, and still there came no reply. "Don't cry because your mother is dead."

"Oh it isn't that—it isn't that—oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"What is it, then?" inquired the child, the tears starting to her own eyes as she witnessed the abandonment of woe.

"It's the candles—oh, dear!" and the salt torrents broke forth anew.

"The candles for what?"

"For the wake—oh, dear!" and the grief seemed inconsolable, as she continued—"six at the head, and six at the feet, to light the poor sowl through Purgatory, and not a ha'perth have I, and the last bit has gone for pipes and tobacco—oh, dear!" while the brine flowed again, with redoubled vigor.

"Never mind," said the lad, stepping forwards at this juncture—"I'll get the candles; I've got money enough."

"Arrah! bless the dear b'y! An' will he spend his own money for poor Biddy O'Crinnigan?"

"Yes, Biddy, if you will eat some of this pie;" and quite reassured by the confident tones of her newly-found friend, she took a portion of the pastry, which had been equally divided for the five little mouths in the house over the way, and devoured it with a rapidity indicative of the keen relish of hunger. She was a picture for an artist as she stood there, her coarse plaid frock barely reaching to her ankles, her feet encased in heavy wooden shoes, her left arm akimbo, the hand resting on her hip, while in the right she held the tempting morsel to her generous mouth. Little six-year-old watched the "mysterious disappearance" with apparent wonderment, while Biddy, during the rapid mastication, addressed herself to the children, thus: "An' a blissed country it is, to be shure, when even the childer has their bits o' money to spend on a

poor crayther like Biddy O'Crinnigan. Three months this day since we left ould Ireland, had luck to it, an' I niver would a' eoom but for me poor ould grandmother, who was afther searchin' for me father, the poor ould sowl. He came to Ameriky tin year back, an' niver a word we heard from him but onet since, an' now with the say v'ygge, an' the faver an' all, she's dead an' gone, an' I'd niver a cint to get the candles wid but for the dear b'y—God bliss 'im! The praste came in the mornin', an' said he wud sind a coffin, an' I'm to pay him whin I'll get the money at service, an' he tould me not to have a wake, it would be such an expiuse; but I tould him to his back that the ould sowl should have a dacint burial, so she should. So I sold the shawl for the pipes an' tobacco, an' I forgot the candles intirely intil the last, when you eoom in, an' now the darlin' says he'll get thim for me, and be the manes of lightin' the ould crayther up to livin, so he will, bless his dear heart!"

At this fresh remembrance of the candles, Biddy burst forth into uncontrollable grief, and the children, who had not comprehended the half she had said, (the voluble dialect would have been quite unintelligible at any time, and the pumpkin-pie medium rendered it doubly so in the present instance) took up the now empty plate, and moved towards the open door in cautious retreat, still eyeing askance the queer specimen of humanity, who stood wiping her eyes on her petticoat, and courtesying humbly as they passed out into the dark entry.

Martyn fulfilled his promise to poor Biddy, and about nine o'clock announced his intention to Maria of going over himself, "to see how the wake got on." In vain his sister expostulated, and tried to urge him not to go into that dark place at night. He wanted to "know how the candles burned," he said; also, that he intended to see the thing through handsomely, as he had already begun to take a great interest in Biddy, and meant to persuade mother to get her for a servant as soon as the funeral was over, "it would be such fun to hear her talk."

So stealing cautiously out of the house, and over to "The Block," he found his way again to the well-remembered room, and looked in.

There sat the Biddy of the morning, no longer the tear-bedewed and stricken mourner, but the hospitable entertainer of her guests, as with evident satisfaction she welcomed one and another to the festivities of the wake.

"The candles is burnin' swately," she said, as she espied her benefactor at the door. They stood for a minute gazing with mutual pride at the fluttering *dips*, which threw a dim light upon the livid corpse and surrounding objects. Placed closely about the room were borrowed chairs, and these were already filled with the inmates of the house, who, with that kindly sympathy for which the poorer Irish are truly remarkable, had come to assist in the last obsequies of the stranger, while the same impulse had led to the introduction of several black-looking bottles, which, from their frequent circulation, gave promise of a "rise" in the spirits of the now rather dejected appearing circle about the coffin. The boy, taking notice of the drift of things, assumed at once his dictatorship, and standing very erect, with his arms behind him, in a very important, condescending undertone, informed his protégé that he didn't think it was best to have quite so much drinking going on, which advice Biddy received with evident astonishment, declaring that "if it was at home it was, they'd have no little sneakin' jugs, but a whole barrel of 'the stuff' indade, an' ivery one should have a dhop, an' all they wanted, for that matter;" from which Martyn judged that his censorial duties were not appreciated, and soon after he made good his retreat.

At midnight, as in the olden time, "a great cry arose." And such a cry! Nervous Widow Jones, who had recently moved into the neighborhood, and who had strong upward tendencies, derived from the doctrines of Mr. Joseph Miller, believing the last day to have really arrived, rose to her knees among the bed-clothes, and looked up devoutly at the whitewashed ceiling.

"Do you hear that noise, Mr. Brown?" screamed the Squire's wife, as she pulled the stout old burgher by the hair, to rouse him from his deep slumber.

"It's those confounded Irish again," muttered the Squire, after listening a moment to the unearthly sounds which filled the still night air, and hastily throwing on his clothes, he sallied out to the scene of action, in response to a call from the terrified Mrs. Kelly, who, rapping on the window-pane, summoned him "for God's sake, to stop the murtherin' that 'was goin' on beyant."

Up the street came the burly constable, club in hand, and retreating to a safe distance from the flying brickbats, sung out, in stentorian voice—"What is the matter over there?"

There was silence for a minute, as the accents of the well-known voice of the officer of the law reached the ears of the combatants, broken by the voice of old Mother O'Donnelly, who hastened to reply—"Nothing at all, sir—just nothing at all," while she darted, in cap and night-gown, over which a single petticoat was thrown into the middle of the melee, and dragging therefrom her son Tom, a stout-framed man of forty years, she drew him into the house, and closed the door with a bang. "There, Tom O'Donnelly, now to your bed, sir, an' don't be afther disthurbin' your poor old mother agin wid your wicked ways." And Tom, somewhat confused with the liquor and several doses of brickbat and shalalah, externally administered to the brain, sank into his couch, in obedience to the maternal command.

Meanwhile, outside, one of the principal combatants being removed, comparative quiet was restored. "It was all Billy Made, (Mead) so it was," sobbed his wife, a meek little woman, who had held her baby in her arms throughout the engagement. "I tould him not to take the liquor; but he wouldn't mind his old woman at all, at all." So, the constable, determined to receive some recompense for the disturbance of his rest, resolved on this testimony to arrest "Billy Made," who was forthwith, with considerable difficulty, persuaded to accept a night's lodging beneath the hospitable shelter of the watch-house.

Squire Brown retired once more to his sonorous couch, and Widow Jones subsided to await the termination of the prophesies in '67. There had been a glorious row, and Biddy's wake was therefore a complete success. She dozed alone over the corpse the remainder of the night.

It were needless, perhaps, to refer to the trial of William Mead the ensuing morning, on an indictment of drunkenness, disturbance of the peace with "force and arms," etc., etc., or how Mrs. Mead, when brought to the witness stand, denied "in toto" any knowledge of the whole affair, or how at last in contradiction of evidence, Billy was discharged with payment of costs, and an injunction to be more careful in the future; but this much was developed—that the controversy first arose concerning our heroine, whom Tom O'Donnelly, getting warm with whisky and communicative, solemnly averred was squint-eyed, which "Billy Made," in defence of the sex, being a married

man, undertook to resent, and the two cronies retired to the sidewalk, to "settle the matter," when Mrs. "Made," with three other females, interfering, the fight at once became general. The women and children made the noise, screamin' and cryin', the men did the "tragic," with clubs and brickbats.

Now Biddy was not squint-eyed, and withal a "rather comely looking girl," I thought to myself, as on the day succeeding the funeral she presented herself at the door to inquire "if the good lady knew of any one who would be likely to be wantin' a girl in the neighborhood?"

"Not unless I do myself," was the reply, for I had partially yielded to Martyn's entreaties in behalf of his protégé. "What can you do, Biddy?"

"Not much, I fear me, ma'am; but I can scroob."

"Can you cook?"

"Not yet, ma'am; but in the meantime, intil I'll learn, I can scroob."

But, Biddy, scrubbing is but a small item in the labor of general housework; I could not afford to pay you much at first for your services."

But Biddy "didn't mind." She would be "contint" with very little "intil she learnt." Meantime, it should be her pleasure to "scroob" everything in the house.

And she made good her promise. Sand and water was as much her element as though she had been born a snail. She fairly revelled in it. Down on her knees, doing penance like a saint, for her ignorance, with scrubbing-brush in hand, thrice daily she scoured the kitchen floor, until it was as spotless as the snow. Every article in her department went through the same thorough cleansing process. Tin pans, pails, pots, kettles, received an unwonted polish at the hands of the new domestic, and even the old clock, which had escaped the general renovations for many years, was deprived of every trace of remaining gilt; while the faces of Leah, Rachel and Jacob in the picture under the dial, got such an ablation as they had not known for many a day.

A rare old painting hanging in the sitting-room, the canvas warped and cracked, the colors faded with age, attracted Biddy's especial attention. With arms akimbo, she halted before it one day, as she had often done before, and surveyed it long and earnestly, while I wonderingly watched her strange interest in the picture. "If I might only scroob

that, ma'am!" and her eyes fairly glistened with delight as she thought of it.

It was housecleaning season, and here Biddy's services were truly invaluable. Floor, surbase, door and panel, put on a new face at her approach, and her delight and gratified ambition knew no bounds when the parlor mantels were entrusted to her care. They were old-fashioned wooden affairs, painted white, with wreaths of flowers in raised work beneath the shelf.

To relieve the wood of this supposed superfluous ornament, and leave the surface perfectly smooth, was Biddy's first endeavor; and, with case-knife in hand, by dint of digging, scratching and knocking, she had partially succeeded, when I entered the room, and, petrefied with astonishment, beheld the result of the misdirected labor. "Oh, Biddy!" in a tone of mingled terror and amazement, changed the look of gratification which the innocent face wore into an expression of the utmost dismay.

This disaster proved a great check to the scrubbing mania. I learned that a girl, though a woman grown, if totally inexperienced, may be as unsophisticated as a child, and needs the same care and watchfulness. It was my fault, I could but acknowledge it, and my mutilated mantels are a reproach to me "unto this day."

I realized this more fully, when one day I found her just on the point of making a wholesale application of soap and sand to the parlor windows, totally ignorant of the superior claims of chamois skin and whiting for the cleaning of French plate glass.

But how should Biddy understand? In all her life she had only known of housekeeping what was to be learned in a thatched hut in Ireland, where the smoke went out and the light came in at a single aperture in the roof above, while the walls were guiltless of ornaments or paintings, and a window was an unknown luxury.

"There are three kinds of men in the world—the 'Wills, the Wonts, and the Cants.' The former effect everything; the others oppose everything. 'I will' builds our railroads and steamboats; 'Wont' don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while 'I can't' grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy."

RUTH DAY'S NEW YEAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Something must be done. But what?"

Her words went out and searched painfully up and down the world—through the bewildering clamor and restless tumult of the vast city which lay beneath her, and then growing dizzy and frightened, hurried away from all this, out into the still country; and wandered among little cosy villages that lay like white nests deep in the hills, or among old towns that rambled sleepily along the sides of rivers, or out into the wide country fields, or among winding roads and hidden lanes, where old farm-houses and brown cottages nestled—among all these things did these words wander, seeking rest and finding none; and coming back, at last, worn out and despairing, as Noah's dove to the ark, when the waters covered the face of the earth.

In all the wide world there seemed, at this time, nothing for this girl, Ruth Day, to do, whether of hand or brain. And she wanted a shelter for her head, and bread, at least, to keep the life in her, and in her mother—the frail, despondent invalid, who lay on the bed in the room beyond. And in all the world was there no home, no bit of sheltering roof for these two women—the young and the old, in their time of need and helplessness.

And then there rose before Ruth Day harrowing visions of happy, luxurious, or cosy homes, throughout all the length and breadth of the land; homes full of the warmth of love, the dear delights of care and tenderness; homes where no wolf stood at the door, where no gnawing griefs nor harassing fears ever entered.

She saw happy women sitting with books and sewing before the glow of grate fires, or sitting from one pleasant room to another, intent on pretty little trifles; and her face, the young, pale, sorrowful face, hardened itself over the harassed, aching heart beneath, while her soul rose up in a kind of fierce defiance against her own life, which looked so hard and bitter, in comparison.

"Oh, God, I wish that I could die—I wish that I could die!" murmured Ruth Day.

And then there came into this girl's soul, borne on some cold blast of dread and doubt, a wonder whether God lived at all! How

could He sit up there in His joy, and calm, and strength, and see her in her anguish and desolation, and stretch out no arm for her succor?

Her heart grew hard, her brain grew hot, and her limbs were chilled within her as these thoughts, in which she knew, if they held possession of her, was sin and death, entered into her soul. And there came with them a swift and dark temptation, too; one which made her turn with a sudden, wistful gleam in her eyes towards a small penknife that lay on the table. It would be over in a moment, she thought, the plunge, the pain, and afterwards there would come rest to her tired head and brain. The burdens laid upon her young strength were too heavy for her to carry, and she longed just then, with an unutterable longing, to put them down.

But the conscience of this girl rallied in a moment. The old anchors of her hope and faith had all seemed to be failing her, but they had taken too firm a hold of her soul to yield now. She remembered who it was that had once gone, for her sake, more homeless than singing birds or burrowing foxes, and in that hour of her sorest need and her human weakness, the heart of this girl was lifted and comforted.

I must tell you her story in few words; after all, it is not a very uncommon one.

Ruth Day was an only daughter. In the old country town of her birth-place, she had led an easy, happy, careless life of it. Her father had been a physician; a pleasant, good-natured sort of man, without any business shrewdness or forethought, and so long as he made a comfortable living for his family, gave himself small concern for the future.

Dr. Day died suddenly, and left his affairs in disorder that defied remedy. His wife had been an invalid for years, and had not the remotest idea of business. So the entire care and responsibility fell upon the shoulders of this young, tenderly-sheltered girl, to whom these things had only been a vague name before.

She faced her new life with wonderful strength and courage, considering what her past had been, learning every day some new lesson in domestic economy, and with these,

learning also, too frequently, in what foundations of selfishness and prosperity are laid the friendships of this world. Not that all hers proved themselves of base quality. There were staunch friends of her own and her father's, who were ready to assist her, with brain or heart as they might; but it is a delicate and difficult matter to bestow charities on our equals, and mankind as a general thing is absorbed, and indolent, and selfish, and the few that are willing to help, if they knew how, lack power and executive tact to do it. There were outlying debts of her father's on which they managed to live, mother and daughter, with careful husbandry, for a couple of years.

Ruth Day was among the vast company of women who have no especial gift in any direction. She was neither musician, authoress, nor artist; and yet she was, in many respects, a superior woman, whether you considered her quality of mind or heart. She was intelligent, and appreciative of all forms of cultivation.

Her education had been of a somewhat desultory kind, having no especial purpose beyond her own cultivation, and of course lacking the sort of discipline which best fits one for a teacher.

This sort of woman is the most unfortunate in the world, when thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood. She is infinitely worse off than the one, who without any refinement or cultivated tastes, can go down into somebody's kitchen, and earn her living there, by the strength of her muscles.

And what shall I say for that wrong and shame which makes it in this nineteenth century "disreputable," for a woman to earn her own living? Talk of the new avenues of respectable employment, which are open to our sex as we may, the fact still remains, that in many circles it amounts to social ostracism to enter into any field of labor.

And it is hard for a delicate, sensitive woman to brave this. Ruth Day had a good deal of individuality and moral courage, but she had been brought up in a narrow social circle, and she had a good many bitter struggles with her pride.

She tried school teaching for awhile, in her own home, and would have succeeded had the number of her scholars doubled themselves. As it was, she fell a little behind each year, and the terror and the dread of debt began to loom darkly over the horizon. She cast her eyes about her, and they were allured to the distant city. There must be something to

which she could turn hand or brain, if once she could get there!

So Ruth Day reasoned, much after the fashion of a young, inexperienced woman. And at last she talked the frail old mother into consenting to the transition, and made the fatal mistake of disposing of all the furniture of the old house, and came to the city, and rented furnished apartments in the fourth story of a plain but respectable house.

Little Ruth had fine, luxurious tastes, but she had learned to suppress all these now, and to regard every penny as representing so much of absolute comfort, of that which alone holds together soul and body. And day after day, and week after week, Ruth sought for employment, of one sort or another, and her face grew thinner, and her heart fainter, for failure.

She carried it heavily to bed each night; she dreaded to see the morning light. Ah! I think death is a terrible thing, and there are griefs in life that are harder even than this to be borne; but it seems to me, saving the agony of remorse, there is no bitterness so terrible as that of poverty and loneliness, for a young, helpless, delicate woman, with no strong heart to lean upon, no arm to succor her in her loneliness and need. But at last, when her small funds had waxed fearfully low, there came a little light.

She found some copying to do, which yielded a pittance, and so, working early and late, Ruth Day had managed, by the most rigid economy, to live for nearly three years.

Then of a sudden her business failed. The lawyer who had supplied her work went abroad, and thus closed the only spring which yielded her any means of sustenance.

Four weeks had gone by since that time—four long, desperate, despairing weeks, during which she had vainly sought for employment. And now she was without money, almost without food. The rent, too, would be due before long, and she and her feeble mother would be thrown out homeless into the world. Do you wonder that her fair face grew white and sharp, while the foreboding and agony within rose sometimes into wild tumults, and fierce, devouring heats, that threatened to drive her into utter despair.

Look at her now, as she sits there in the front chamber of the lodging-house. The furniture is worn and dingy, with a kind of "better days" air amidst all its shabbiness, which strikes one mournfully. There is a low fire in the grate, for the year leans hard into December, and Mrs. Day requires the high

temperature which low-blooded, nervous invalids always do, as she sits there in her plain brown dress, which has seen such hard service. Ruth Day may neither look beautiful nor pretty, but I think she always looks a lady.

A thin, colorless face, that despite its long walk with care and anxiety, does not look its twenty-five years, with delicate outlines and dark blue eyes, with a tinge of gray in them, with heavy brown hair, in which are depths of hidden brightness that the sun only can reveal, and a mouth very red, and a smile whose sweetness would thrill one, only that comes seldom enough now; and instead the closed lips carry a settled pathos and sadness which nobody but the poor old mother minds, and yet which would be pitiful enough to see for those who had known the girl in the old, happy days of blossoming.

And there she sits, and strengthened by one thought takes up again that other she had laid down, because she was too weak to carry it—"Something must be done, but what?"

Something that must bring bread and fuel at once. She thought of sewing, but she was not swift with her needle, and the remuneration meant simply "slow starvation." And to all these spheres of labor, which depended upon a salary, she could give no thought in this her pressing exigency. They could not starve while she was earning the money.

And then she sighed because she was not a man, and could not go out and split wood or unload goods, earning with brawn of muscle and sweat of brow the day's food and shelter; but there was so little foothold for women in the world—for women like her, it seemed as though they had no right to be there, unless they had fathers, or brothers, or husbands to stand between them and the tug of life, beginning to despond again.

And it seemed as though the old doctor, sleeping in his grave under the watching hills, could hardly rest there, seeing the grief that his own sinful negligence had wrought for his flesh and blood. Ah! the awful mystery of the commandment holds in things material and visible, as well as in the moral world, that the "sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

And while Ruth Day was thinking with a kind of mournful bitterness of the varied avenues of employment which opened so easily to men, and from which woman was excluded, partly from the very nature of things, partly from social laws and technical rules of "woman's sphere," which stood everywhere

in the path of her service, for little Ruth Day was not "strong-minded" in any sense—suddenly there broke into these thoughts the recollection of a young boy whom she had watched the week before from her window, going from house to house with books and pamphlets to sell. Why could she not turn book agent too? The thought sprang her to her feet, and sent her up and down the room in swift haste, her hands behind her, her face drawn with anxious thought.

She knew a publisher who would supply her with books, and pay her the commission as fast as she disposed of them, which latter was the chiefest consideration. But her soul recoiled as from a blow, at the thought of going from house to house, from store to store, offering her wares to all sorts of people, to the coarse, the arrogant; to people who would stare at her with contempt and treat her with rudeness; and her soul, the fine, sensitive, high-spirited soul of Ruth Day fairly turned sick within her, as she thought of the rebuffs and insolence to which her position must inevitably expose her.

But what right had anybody that was poor as she, to fine feelings and delicate instincts? These were luxuries which belonged to the rich; and she drove her thoughts back again to this most distasteful subject. It was the only work that offered itself, and she could not afford to wait. She must steel herself to all that was hard and harrowing in it, and go out bravely amongst men, and face whatever her work involved.

"I will do it," said Ruth Day, and her face grew hard, but there was something in her voice which made you think of gulfs of tears lying below.

"Ruth, my child," said another voice, older and fainter and sadder than hers; and turning, she saw her mother standing in the door, a little frail, faded, elderly woman, wrapped in a large shawl, with her hair frosted out of its original darkness, and one of those gentle, womanly faces, in which infirmity and grief make such terrible ravages.

This, it was evident, was not a woman who could confront her fate and battle bravely with the world. She would never overcome her circumstances. A woman to be succored and shielded always; one who would cling steadfastly to her faith and love, who would be a tender light and joy in a good man's home, but who could never take his place at the helm if he fell or failed by the way. Ruth sprang with a watchful tenderness towards her mother,

and helped her to the rocking-chair in the warmest corner, which she had vacated a little while before.

"You have slept late this morning, mamma?"

"Yes," said the invalid, wrapping her shawl about her. "I had a dream of your father last night, Ruth. I thought that we were in the old home once more, and he came to me and said, 'Mary, I did a great wrong, a terrible wrong to you and the child. God knows it was not because I did not love you both, but perhaps that makes the sin no less. I ought to have taken care for your future. I ought not to have left you alone, helpless, unprovided for on every hand, as I did, in the world. I ought to have looked ahead for the dark days that I never thought would come to me or mine. It stabs me now to remember it, Mary.'

"And in my dream I put my arms around your father's neck, Ruth."

There were tears in the mother's eyes—there were tears in the daughter's. Mrs. Day did not go any farther.

An hour later, when she had taken her toast, Ruth laid her project before her mother. She knew it must be a terrible blow to her. So far as was possible, Ruth had kept the real state of affairs from Mrs. Day's knowledge; but, sooner or later the truth must come out. The poor old lady was quite overwhelmed. The prospect of her idolized child being compelled to go from street to street, selling books, was something which in her darkest hours had never entered her thoughts.

It was in vain that she protested—in vain that she lifted up her voice and wept. Ruth forgot herself in trying to console and encourage her mother; but she would not be reconciled to this project, and her distress almost won the young girl into a promise of relinquishing her plan forever; but the thought that it would be weakness, perhaps starvation, to yield now, made her hold to her purpose through all in a kind of desperation. Reason and argument failed alike with Mrs. Day on this occasion, for grief and nervous debility rendered it impossible for her to understand the true state of affairs, and she regarded her daughter's plan as a wild and unwomanly notion, to which she clung with reprehensible pertinacity, instead of something to which the direst necessity had driven her.

In the middle of the day, when her mother slept, Ruth went out and had an interview with the publisher. She found him very willing to accede to her proposition. He

offered her a generous commission on the books of which she should dispose, and gave her some friendly advice on the best method of dealing with people. She selected a dozen volumes, and started for home, resolved to commence her new work on the following day.

CHAPTER II.

"Is your mistress at home?"

"And what might be your name, or your business with her this mornin'?" asked the waitress, putting a face of very decided Celtic physiognomy outside the front door, which she held partially open, while she glanced from the applicant's dress very suspiciously to the small carpet-bag, which contained all Ruth's capital.

"My business is one that can only be explained to herself," answered Ruth, with a little more than her ordinary quiet dignity of speech and manner, while her cheeks flushed at the offensive air of the servant.

"Wall, she can't see anybody to-day, without they'll send up name and errand beforehand;" and the door was slammed in her face.

And this was Ruth Day's first attempt at selling books.

And this sort of experience was typical of the whole morning's. It was repeated in milder, or more exaggerated forms at least a couple of dozen houses, before whose stately thresholds she offered her wares, her heart sinking a little lower with each failure. At last she ventured into a large druggist's store. One of the young clerks stepped forwards, and with a polite bow, demanded to know if he could serve her. "I have some books here which I should like to dispose of," said the soft, timid voice, as the speaker lifted her carpet-bag to the counter.

A quick change came over the clerk's face. The half sycophantic manner vanished swiftly.

"We have no wish to buy anything of that sort," he said, waving his hand contemptuously, while another of the clerks stepped forwards to stare at her, with a rude leer in his face, and she heard him remark to the other—"Rather too young and pretty for business of that sort."

The reply that followed she did not hear, but she did the coarse laugh which accompanied it, and she knew that if father, or brother, or lover had been there to shield her, the cowardly dastard would not have dared for his life to utter those offensive words, whatever they might be.

Her heart was throbbing, her cheeks were stinging, as she gained the street. Hurt, outraged, it seemed as though some evil had soiled her soul. She drew her veil over her face, and the jets of bitter tears gushed down her cheeks, as she blindly made her way along the thoroughfare, the bundle of books growing heavier all the time.

"I had better go home, and we will die together, mother and I," she said, in her despair.

And then she almost resolved to never, let come what would, offer another of her books to any human being. For herself, Ruth Day never would; but the thought of her pale old mother, sitting by the low grate fire, in the rooms they called home, came over her, and goaded her onward.

But it was nearly an hour after she had left the druggist's before she could make up her mind to offer her books again either to man or woman. She had reached the corner of the street, and pausing to consider what course to take, her eyes encountered a lady standing in her front door, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged lady, who had evidently just parted with some guests. Their eyes met; something kindly in the stranger's, impelled Ruth forwards—"I have some books in my satchel to dispose of," she said—"Will you examine them?"

The lady paused a moment, doubtfully. Perhaps something in the young girl's face touched her, for she replied—"I think I will; wont you walk in?"

So Ruth went in with her books to the stately parlors, whose grace and luxury told their own story of the wealth and taste of the occupants.

The mistress of all this splendor invited her to a seat with as much courtesy and cordiality as she would have shown to her most honored guest, and then proceeded to investigate the books which Ruth's satchel disgorged.

There was no great variety of course in these. The young girl had allowed the publisher to select her wares, and he had chosen a few popular stories and histories, and interspersed these with some highly embellished volumes for the holidays. One of these caught the lady's fancy as a pretty gift for her nephew. She inquired the price, and when Ruth named it, opened her plethoric purse and paid it. Ruth's commission on this book was a dollar. How her heart bounded! There was a cup of nice tea, and some warm rolls, and dainty French buns for her and for her mother in the crumpled paper. It would have taken

a day's hard toil to have earned it in any other manner, the dollar which had fallen to her so suddenly!

"I hope that you find your business pleasant and remunerative," said the gentle voice of the lady by her side—a lady, as Ruth knew now, by fine quality of soul.

"My knowledge of it is confined to this morning," she answered, "and thus far I have found it neither. This is the first book that I have sold."

"Indeed," with surprise and interest in her face. "You must be very tired, I think?"

She stepped from the room, and returned in a moment with a waiter, containing some cake and a large cup of coffee, whose fragrance stimulated the air.

"You must do me the favor to eat those before you leave," said the strange lady, with her smile—just the sort of smile that a woman doing a deed like this would be likely to have.

The lady had just seated herself again, evidently inclined to have some farther conversation with the stranger of whom she was making a guest, when she was summoned away. And Ruth—little Ruth Day, eat the cake and the great cluster of Catawbas that mounted it, and drank the rich Mocha with the tears in her eyes, and before she was through, a waiter appeared with apologies for his mistress' absence, and to replenish cup and plate, if she would have it.

And at last Ruth went away, but the heart which she carried inside that stately home, was not the one which she took out of it. Her lot was the same. Nothing was essentially changed in her life; and yet the little courtesies, the kindly manner which has cost the mistress of this elegant home so little, had been like cool waters to lips perishing of thirst. Ah, how easy it is to bless others! How little it costs to lift up the burdens, and sweep aside the clouds, which lie darkly over many human souls!

It may not lie in our power to heap lasting and solid benefits upon them, but the kindly words, the little courtesies, the quick sympathies, at the right time, in the right way—ah, we shall never know the good they do, the results they reach, until we behold them in a light that is not of the sun!

Ruth Day felt no longer soiled nor disgraced. She went at her work with a new purpose, and sold two books more before night, and three dollars was a very large sum for a woman to make in one day! And when she returned home that night, and the tempting

supper, which Ruth had such a marvellous skill in preparing, lay on the old-fashioned china, which they had preserved through all the reverses of their fortune. Mrs. Day forgot, as she sipped her tea, and sugared her fruit, how it had been earned, and was carried back to other days, and in the enjoyment of her little feast, the mortifications and suffering of the day that was gone, slipped for awhile out of the memory of Ruth Day.

For the next month she pursued her new employment, going out every day when the weather permitted. It was near the holidays, and money was plenty, and people were lavish with gifts that season; so the small tributaries flowed more abundantly than they would from any other spring into the little reservoir of Ruth Day's blue purse at this period.

Some days she made several dollars, and there was never one in which she returned home without some lightening of her satchel of books. Their lodgings bore many small evidences of the increased means of their occupants, such as a new easy-chair for her mother, and some exquisitely painted forest leaves, in pretty brackets; especially in the lunch-suppers, where some tempting bit of broiled steak was flanked with clusters of rare fruit, or dainty muffins, that seemed to affiliate with the fine old china; and these seasons were the crowning rest and comfort of Ruth's life, and brought the only smile she ever saw there now to the faded lips of her mother.

Yet Ruth Day was by no means a successful "book agent." It was not in her; and the publisher who supplied her stock, expressed more truthfully than elegantly, the quality that was lacking in her, when he said, "She must cultivate brass!"

She never urged her books on anybody. Indeed, there was a faint deprecation in the manner with which she presented them to any one's attention; and she always regarded a decline to examine them as absolute, never venturing to press the matter farther. She hated, she fairly loathed her employment. She never set out on her day's work without having a long struggle with herself. The whole thing hurt down to the core, whatsoever was delicate and sensitive in her nature. She feared, too, that in the process of overcoming this repulsion, she should grow hard and coarse; but there was no reason for apprehension of this sort in Ruth Day's case.

Her experience of the first day, was in some sense typical of the rest. Coarseness, rebuffs, arrogance, she constantly encountered, al-

though the insult which she had received at the druggist's had never repeated itself in so offensive a manner. And while Ruth Day was selling her books from door to door, as she could, the old year, swaddled in snow, was slipping off its weight of days, until the last one came; and at midnight, while the bells were ringing joyfully over the new heir that was born to the century, the memory bells also, were ringing joyfully up in the belfries of the soul of Ruth Day.

She was out under the cherry trees in the wide old garden at home. The winds—fresh, summer winds, with a faint flavor of the distant sea in them, were ravaging her hair; the ripe cherries lay thick in the grass, like a sudden storm of red flakes.

Overhead, in the tallest tree, close to the topmost branch, a face looked down upon her, an eager, exultant, boyish face, brimmed with merriment, and with a spice of torment in the eyes, large, yellow-gray, suited to a complexion which had a faint tinge of olive in it, and was not pure Saxon.

This boy was Ruth's brother in name—her kin in nowise. His father was an old friend and classmate of the doctor's, who had gone to the East Indies in his youth, and spent the prime of his manhood there. He had married a lady of English descent, and made a fortune and lost it, as he had his wife, and four of the five children she had borne him. Broken down in health and in spirits, this friend of Dr. Day's youth returned to his native land, and sought him out for two reasons, one to receive medical advice, the other, because the old memory of their youth still held him with a vital bond.

The doctor's heart was of that quality which never grows old. His friend found a brother's welcome under his roof, and care and kindness were lavished without stint on the sick man and the boy he brought with him. But the climate and the series of late misfortunes had reached depths beyond Dr. Day's remedies. The friend of his youth sank slowly, and in less than a year from the time of their meeting, he died under the doctor's roof, wept for sorely by the little household, leaving to his friend enough to defray his funeral expenses, and also his orphan boy, Philip Harden.

This boy inherited many of the interesting and lovable characteristics which made his father friends wherever men or women crossed his path, with something more of robustness in his moral and physical texture. Bright, eager, of swift and generous impulse, he was

of changeable mood, and with a kind of intangible gravity clinging to him at times, and which they said he had inherited from his gentle English mother—with faults enough, but with no meanness nor disguises about him.

This boy was six years the senior of Ruth Day. She was only five when he first came to the house, and a strong friendship was soon cemented betwixt them. Philip Harden was obstinate and wilful oftentimes, but never either to the little girl whose sweet face looked up at him, with a kind of clinging fondness, out of its masses of light brown hair, in which were shifting tints of gold. The little warm, soft hand patting his cheeks, pulling his black hair, seemed to have some magnetic charm for the boy.

He was never weary of having the child about him; and never seemed quite so happy as when she nestled down beside him in the doctor's old gig, and they rode off together; and however heedless and careless he was in most matters, Mrs. Day herself never took tenderer care of her child than did Philip Harden of his little foster sister. And so for eight years their lives were woven together as woof and warp.

Then there came a change. Philip had just crossed his seventeenth birthday, and did not look his years, being slight, and dark, and small, when some relatives of his mother's, on a visit to America, hunted him up and took him back with them to England. The day on which he parted from her held the first grief of Ruth Day's life.

Philip himself was loth enough to go at the last, though the prospect of a journey across the water, and the thought of the new scenes, and the strange life which awaited him there, addressed itself keenly to the boy's imagination, as was natural enough. Ruth was eleven at that time. Until her sixteenth summer, Philip and she had corresponded regularly, and in each letter he had repeated the promise with which he had pressed the little sobbing girl to his heart, on that last morning that they passed together, "I shall surely come back to you, one of these days, little Ruthie." Still he led a happy time of it, in the old ancestral home, with the great uncle and aunt who doted on him—they could see that, and he went to Oxford, and later to the East Indies, and here they lost all tidings of him, and whether Philip Harden was amongst the living or the dead, Ruth Day had not known for years.

But to-night, in her dreams, the old days came back to her, with all their sweet, careless, hearty life. She was under the trees, and he was amongst them, and the cherries lay like a red rain on the grass, just as they used to in the Julys whose faces smiled afar off down the years. And Ruth Day was a little girl again, the light and joy of her home; and all the sorrows, and anxieties, and losses which she usually carried with her down into her dreams, seemed somehow to have slipped away, and left her with her light, free, girlish heart again. For awhile only. A change gradually stole over the bright dream, as a cold mist creeps in from the east and drowns all the life and beauty of some mellow autumn day.

Somehow Philip's face grew sad and dim up there in the cherry boughs, but before it faded utterly, his voice came down from far off, as though horizons lay betwixt them—

"It's been a long time, little Ruthie, but you remember what I said, I shall come back to you, and it will not be long now!"

And the voice died out, and so did the winds, savored of the sea, and so did the pleasant sunshine, and left Ruth standing there, sobbing as though her heart would break, under the cherry trees. And she woke up at last, and her pillow was moist with tears, and she was only Ruth Day, selling books from house to house, but all the rest of that night the voice from afar off seemed to follow and haunt her.

CHAPTER III.

The next day was New Year's. Ruth had an especial longing to keep this day at home with her mother, but she knew that people's hands and hearts were open on the holidays, and she must not neglect any of her little harvests, and a few extra dollars would buy them some little comforts which she had lately set her heart on. So, in the late morning she started out, and it happened that she took a new route that day, and one that led her among the dark old warehouses in the lower part of the city. Many of these were closed, but the office blinds of one of the largest was open, and attracted Ruth's attention, and—was she led of watching angels that she walked towards it? She saw an elderly gentleman sitting at the window, with a bald forehead, and a shrewd, kindly face, evidently conversing with some one beyond her range of vision. Ruth paused and contemplated him. He looked like a man of family—he had a wife or daugh-

ters—grandchildren, perhaps, to whom he might like to take one of her books as a fresh new year's gift this morning.

So, trying to conquer that little throb of the heart that, despite her five weeks' experience, always turned coward at the thought of presenting her books to a stranger, Ruth entered the dusky warehouse, plethoric with boxes and bales, that made a brown yellow wall from floor to ceiling, and knocked at the office door.

An errand boy opened it, and scanned her with a surprised, half-rude gaze. She was not a beggar, that was certain, but what was she doing there? He was evidently puzzled where to place her. His tone and question were half-deferential, half-defiant—

"What is it you want here, ma'am?"

"I have some books to dispose of, and my business is with the proprietor;" and there was a tinge of the "lost princess" in the dignity of Ruth Day's speech and manner. It held back the office boy a moment from shutting the door in her face.

Just then the master called out—"Who's there, boy?"

A woman a peddlin' books." A fact put in its hardest and most unwelcome way, but a fact still, as Ruth Day must admit, although it did call a flush of blood to her face. But she stepped in before there was any reply, perhaps with a lurking, unconscious feeling that her presence would in some wise modify the truth, which the boy had "put" in such a sharp way. "I have a few books, sir, which you will do me a favor to examine, and it will not cost you five minutes," addressing the elderly gentleman she had seen at the window.

The voice was soft and sweet; the presence gentle and gracious as a lady's, and the gentlemen—there were two in the office—turned and looked at her.

Both of these were accustomed to the society of ladies, and recognized the true ring of the quality anywhere. The elder looked surprised and uncertain—the younger stepped forwards and said as courteously as he would had she been the President's wife—that being the loftiest position which our institutions allow an American woman—"Will you take a chair, ma'am?"

Ruth thanked him with a glance that grazed but by no means took in his face, as she seated herself; and then she opened her satchel, and laid her books on the table one by one, and the gentlemen looked at them, and at her a little oftener. Both of them, however,

made a show of examining the former—the elder gentleman a little influenced by the younger, for the man really had not the remotest want of any book in the collection. However he chose at last the most brilliantly illuminated of the lot, saying—"The pictures will please little Tot;" and Ruth knew then "Little Tot," whoever that might be, had a warm, safe, snug corner in the old man's heart.

The younger gentleman chose the most expensive of the lot, one of Washington Irving's, in plain but costly binding. Ruth's commission on these two volumes was three dollars. What a little breeze of good fortune! It was not noon yet, and she might double it before she went home, a couple of hours later.

"My dear fellow, what do you want of books?" rallied the elder, as he fumbled for his wallet: "you haven't a wife, or any grandbabies to take them."

"And for that very reason, my dear sir, a forlorn old bachelor needs some especial cheer and comfort," answered the other, as he laid down his bank notes.

Was it something in the voice of this last one, flashing across some long-silent key in her memory, which made Ruth turn now, and look at the last speaker?

Their gaze met; each held the other's a moment. She saw a face that did not seem to have quite taken leave of its young manhood yet—a good, strong, resolute face, far from handsome, yet something more and better than that. The eyes were a strong gray; the forehead over them broad, and marked in its character; the cheeks somewhat dark and sallow, as of one that tropical suns had dwelt on somewhat too long, and in the dark brown whiskers and darker hair was an occasional glimmer of gray.

Ruth's eyes fell first; yet she felt a singular desire to gaze longer. Something in that face seemed to thrill some lost memory in her soul. "I hope that you do not make smaller sales than these, often ma'am," said the younger gentleman, with a desire to hear the strange voice again, that had the sound of some sweet, long-forgotten song in his ear.

She looked up and smiled now, and despite all which had saddened it, there was still something of the old, long-away childhood in the smile of Ruth Day—"I thank you for your good-will, sir," she said, "but for the sales, I assure you that this one is a harvest." Then she rose up, the bright, keen eyes on her face still, and she felt them, as she bowed to both of the gentlemen, and turned away.

She had almost reached the office door when the younger man, who had stood in doubt a moment, following her with a kind of greedy, puzzled gaze, stepped forwards abruptly, and laid his hand on the door-knob—"Excuse me," he said, "if my question seems unauthorized or intrusive. Its only apology is that I cannot divest myself of the impression that I have seen you before. Will you tell me your name?"

I think nobody would have refused him, whether man or woman, unless they had reason to be ashamed of it. It certainly never entered this girl's heart to do so.

Confused, bewildered, and yet with some instinct which she could not fathom, astir within her, she faltered—"My name is Ruth Day."

"Ruth Day!—Ruth Day!" turning over the monosyllables in his thought and voice, and uncertain still, although his face was on fire with eagerness. "And I am Philip Harden. Did you ever hear of him?"

"The satchel dropped from her weak hands. The shock was like a blow, and the surprise was almost like a white terror in her face, as she answered only—"Philip Harden! Philip Harden!"

No need to ask with those tones if she had ever heard his name before. He got her into a seat, for she needed one now, and then took her little cold hands in his, and looked at her with one of those looks which lie outside the range of any words—"Ruth Day! Ruth Day! to find you at last, and like this!"

I do not know but her heart would have broken then, if it had not loosed itself in one long wailing cry, which was a pitiful thing to hear; and after it the sobs followed, and tears—sobs and tears that shook her like leaves driven of gales, that seemed to tear themselves up from great depths in her soul, that made the two men fear for her reason, almost for her life, as they tried to soothe her and failed; for Ruth Day was weeping out all the loss and anguish, the long struggle, the bitter poverty of the years which lay betwixt her and the hour when she had last looked on the face of Philip Harden.

When she was calmed a little at last, the elder gentleman went out. He must have heard of her before, for his companion had leaned forwards and said in an undertone—"She is the daughter of Dr. Day—you remember?"

"Oh, yes—yes; poor child!" and there the old gentleman's voice betrayed him.

"Ruth, little Ruth!—what does it mean?"

I have been searching for you more than a year," exclaimed Philip Harden, still holding the little hands in his; and there was a great passion of grief and pity in his voice.

"Oh, Philip, it has almost killed me! We have been all alone; we have suffered so long, mamma and I," she moaned.

He laid her head right down on his shoulder, as he used to in the old days, when he wanted to pet her. "Poor little thing!" he said—"Oh, Ruth, it would have killed me if I had known!"

And little by little the stories came out; the whole of Ruth's could not be told in one day. It was somewhat easier to seize the chief points of her friend's. Letters must have been lost and miscarried from the East Indies for at least half a dozen times, and at last Philip Harden had ceased to write.

He had lingered there eight years, before he could absolutely establish his claim to some property which his father had owned and left involved in the general confusion of his affairs, and which made his son a rich man, not immensely so, but Philip Harden would never love money, simply for its own sake.

On the death of his relatives he returned to England, and his presence was necessary there for a year, during the settling of the estate, which was entailed, and did not fall to him. Then he came to America, and learned for the first time of the death of his foster-father, and the disappearance of his family.

No one in the old town could give him any information of Ruth or her mother, saving that they had removed to New York; for since misfortunes had darkened so thickly about them, both mother and daughter had shrunk from communicating with their old friends and neighbors. This was not wise, however. Ruth lived to see and acknowledge it later. Then Philip Harden came to New York, impelled thither by two motives—one was seeking his lost friends, and the other some business relations into which he had entered while in the East Indies, with the old commercial house in whose office they were now sitting.

Some business of a private nature, which required prompt attention, had caused him to make an appointment with the senior partner of the firm that morning. The gentleman was also a personal friend of Philip, he having resided for some months in the former's family.

And for Ruth's story—it is in the opening of this.

It was late in the afternoon when they went

home together, to the little plainly furnished apartments in the fourth story, where Ruth and her mother had dwelt for three years. What do you think the sight of Philip Harden was to the poor, feeble, broken-down old mother, sitting before the grate fire, dreaming on the old days, and sorrowing over the present. What a happy New Year it was to these three—and would you be willing to go through the sorrow of Ruth Day to taste of her joy?

Of course, Ruth Day never sold books any more. There was a pleasant house, where Philip Harden and half a dozen other gentlemen lodged, which needed greatly at this time some kindly intelligent lady to preside over its domestic arrangements, giving to it the charm of a quiet and refined home. Ruth and her mother could give it this, and in less than a week they were installed here, and the winds and the rains which beat so fiercely on the heads of unprotected women in this world, passed by them no more; but while I write this, I am thinking of the helpless women, who find no such sweet rest and shelter as they did.

CHAPTER IV.

A year went over Ruth Day's head, swift as years do, after storms, when the life trodden, beaten, drenched, lifts up its head once more, and comes out into warmth, and light, and comfort again.

Ruth Day was not—never could be, what she had been before the rains entered into her life. Every sorrow should leave us tenderer, humbler, with larger charities and sympathies than it found us. Ruth Day had thereafter some new sense of the wants and limitations of her sex—some new thought of what it was to be left alone in the world—some new pity for their need.

In her own happiness she remembered others, whose feet walked the paths in which her own had been so bruised. In a thousand ways—in walks and drives—in talk and books, Philip Harden and she seemed to live the old lives of their country boy and girlhood together again: and it seemed to the man, as he watched her going sweet and serene about her household tasks, that never had girlhood blossomed into just such lovely and perfect womanliness as the Doctor's little daughter, Ruth Day.

Her mother, too, seemed to renew her life in the atmosphere of comfort and warmth which now environed her and her child; and for out-

side friends, Ruth had one—tender, wise, experienced, the lady who had purchased her first book, and who proved to be the wife of the elderly gentleman, in whose office Ruth had met Philip Harden. Great was the surprise of both ladies on their second interview, and their friendship has since struck its roots deep in the natures of both.

The years, of course, had changed Philip from the careless, impetuous, high-spirited boy which went out from the doctor's roof. Somewhat graver, as suited his manhood, a great deal wiser and better he had grown. Life had had some stern lessons for him, in varied ways, but the man was anchored now in solid principles and faiths that went beyond this world, and took hold of the eternal and invisible. So the year whose bells had rung joyfully for its birth, when Ruth Day lay in the power of that strange dream that was like a vision and a prophecy, rang again, and death and life, the old year and the new, met together.

And in the morning, as was their custom, Philip Harden and Ruth Day met together after breakfast in the pleasant sitting-room.

"A happy New Year," said the girl, with a smile in her brownish eyes. "Ah, Philip, do you remember the dear old New Years at home?"

"Do I remember!" he said, and stopped there, for the tone made ample answer. "And yet, Ruth, I think the last was the happiest of all. Just think what it brought me."

"And how much more it brought me, oh, Philip—life, comfort, happiness, everything!" her eyes thick with tears.

Philip looked at her, and looked silently. At last he spoke—

"Little Ruth, it is a day to give gifts. I have brought one for you."

"You are giving me those every day and hour, Philip," answered Ruth Day.

"Not so; only repaying, as you know, a very small portion of the debt I owe you."

"Philip!"

"Well, let that pass now. But for my gift. Before I offer it—before I so much as let you see it or know its character, I want one from you, Ruth, one it is in your power to give me."

"What is it?" she said, in her simple, straightforward way, that was like the child he remembered.

He looked at her, and smiled.

"Will you give it to me, Ruth?"

"Oh, yes, Philip. Anything that I have shall be yours."

"And the gift is yourself, Ruth Day!"

A swift start, a blush that burned from brow to neck, and she understood him. He drew her to him.

"Little Ruth," he said, "sweet sister of my boyhood, whose memory has followed me down into the midst of sore temptation, the thought of whose fair, innocent face has rescued me from evil when it had well nigh overcome me—little Ruth, who hast come back to me in hours of weakness and wavering, like a cool, fresh wind from the New England hills, pouring down into the fierce heats of the tropics—little Ruth, will you hold true to your promise, will you give me this last, best gift of yourself?"

The sobs were in her throat, the tears made blind her eyes, but the little warm hand was placed as of old in the hand of Philip Harden. And he drew, in silence also, a ring on her finger, starred with a single diamond, and she knew then what his gift was, and the meaning of it.

UNHEALTHY POSITIONS OF THE BODY.

Those persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind that without constantly raising the frame to an erect position, and giving a slight exercise to all parts of the body, such a practice tends to destroy their health. They should, moreover, sit in as erect a position as possible. With seamstresses there is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulations and respirations and digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The head should be thrown back to give the lungs full play. The frequent long-drawn breath of the seamstress evinces the cramping and confinement of the lungs. Health cannot be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it in proportionate abundance must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in direct violation of correct theories of physical development and the instincts of nature.

A person enquired at one of the railroad stations, what time the 7.45 train would start, and was told "at a quarter to eight." "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "you are always changing the time on this line."

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY MYSTIC.

I gathered daisies, and the honeyed clover,
I brimmed my acorn cup till it run over
With water from the spring;
I left the sunlight where the shadow crosses,
And in deep woods, sought where the greenest
mosses,
And feath'ry lichens cling.

I learned the song of robin and of swallow—
And only wanted wings that I might follow
The meadow-lark in flight;
Ah, me! but wings—the restless heart o'erreach-
ing,
The honeyed blooms sprung up, with swift beseech-
ing,
For things beyond the sight.

The years crept by, and as they passed me slowly,
From clovered meadow paths, and daisies lowly,
I turned my feet away;
And mystic lore I conned from morn till even,
Until the trembling stars grew pale in heaven,
And night died into day.

Nor yet content, I builded dreams of glory,
And looked afar to eastern hill-tops hoary,
To see the morning dawn;
What though the burning sun drank up the foun-
tain,
What though the flowers should wither from the
mountain,
When all the dew was gone?

The years fled by me, swift, so swiftly flying,
That when I caught a ray of sunshine dying,
I smiled, and called it day;
But when I asked for treasures, in their keeping,
They flung back laughter, mocking all my weep-
ing,
And casting prayers away.

Not yet content, from out the gloom I borrow
A hope, that I may find some better morrow,
The boon to-day denied—
That loving, longing for the grand ideal,
In trustful, calm possession of the real,
I shall be satisfied.

My years go on, but now I softly listen
To catch the flutter of white wings, that glisten,
As swift they downward glide;
Night darkling falls, the shadows nearer creeping,
When, in the morn they wake me from my sleep-
ing,
I shall be satisfied.

Surely half the world must be blind; they
can see nothing unless it glitters

CAMPAIGN SKETCHES. No. 1.

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.

INTRODUCTION.

John Rogers, of New York, has only one thing more to accomplish to entitle him to the claim of ranking first among the sculptors America has given to the world. We have held our breath waiting for his Village Postmaster's voice; have shivered with dread and apprehension while observing the faithful negro aiding the wounded officer; have strained our eyes and ears, involuntarily, while viewing the Picket Guard, and felt our hearts shrinking within us; our tears suddenly arrested in reading the utterly bereft expression conveyed in the features and attitude of the Refugees.

Let John Rogers give us the death of a Union Spy. But whether he accedes to our wishes or not, let us greet him as the "coming man."

Viewing his wonderful representations in the studios of our artists, in the windows of our picture dealers, and in the parlors of our wealthy, well-informed, and critical citizens, reminds me so vividly of scenes and episodes, of the trials and dangers incident to a soldier's life, that I have been tempted (as much to while away the time as to commit to paper my impressions) to endeavor to give those who delight to follow up the brave men who go forth with their lives in their hands to battle for their country, some idea of their daily life and duties; a glimpse at the march and bivouac, and a fair picture of some of our prominent generals.

In doing this, I deem it but justice to myself to add that I have in no instance belied history, or exaggerated the evils and passions I have attempted to portray. It would require the genius of a Shakspeare to correctly depict the daily and hourly tragical occurrences witnessed by thousands of our soldiers in the South and Southwest; the conception of a Hogarth to adequately convey the pathetic and humorous scenes, the constantly recurring droll incidents of a soldier's life; and lastly, the genius of a John Rogers to present in a life-like manner the perils and daring of our scouts, and the trials and sufferings of Union Refugees.

I may also add, that, having by good fortune occupied a position where I had an opportu-

nity to study the characters and sentiments of nearly every general officer who served in the Southwest, from the moment General Robert Anderson relinquished the Department of the Ohio, into General William Tecumseh Sherman's hands, in October, '61, down to the removal of General Buell, October, '63, I can assure the readers of these sketches that wherever a general officer is introduced, not only his manner and appearance is faithfully given, but in nearly every instance his language is repeated exactly as it was uttered. And in no case have I permitted the imagination to outstrip the truth; with the freedom usually accorded the artist, I have simply woven facts together and heightened or toned down a picture in proportion as it was pleasing or disgusting.

HOW HE EARNED HIS BARS.

It was an exceedingly raw, chill, rainy night in February, 1862; such a night as would move one to give shelter to his greatest enemy, or the meanest cur, while entertaining thoughts of kicking the cur out again with the morning's dawn. The picket fires were drenched out. In spite of the repeated efforts of the relieved guards to renew them, neither rails nor carefully selected knots would burn in that forlorn drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, even though the persevering guards condescended to fan them vigorously on their bended knees with their hats.

"I say, Edson," said a cheery voice, "what would the folks say if they saw us now, eh?"

"Oh!" replied Edson, in an ordinary tone, "some of them would pity us, and I suppose some of them would say it was all right—just as they happen to view the struggle."

"Hang the fire; the elements are against us; Edson, tell us a story. We'll crawl under the rails here; our gum blankets will keep us dry, I think, and we will get through the night somehow. It seems to me it always rains when we are on picket. Aint you going to give us a yarn, Edson?"

"Not to night. I'm just thinking what a cruel shame it is to keep us lying here, when it seems to me we might move on to Bowling Green."

"Can't get transportation. Buell's ordered

a lot of wagons, Willis told me; when they come down, then farewell to Green River. I for one am heartily tired of Munfordsville."

"There's more than want of transportation in the road," rejoined Edson. "I believe in my soul our generals do not know what force the enemy have at Bowling Green."

"Well, they ought to. Don't you remember what Napoleon said about that?"

"Yes, I remember something about it; our generals are not experienced soldiers you must remember. Some of them, like you and I, dropped their books, stores and farms, without any preparation whatever. I have been thinking seriously to-night that they do not know much about the condition of the forces at Bowling Green, and the thought occurred to me, 'Why don't some one go down and find out?'"

"Yourself for instance."

"Well, I won't deny that I had an idea, that I still have an idea, I might succeed in that apparently difficult undertaking."

"You, Edson. Think of the danger—of the foul death. Now, I don't object to the adventure; there is a terrible charm about these things I verily believe; since I've been out here I begin to understand some things you or I could never have understood had we remained at home; but I'm averse to hanging, Edson. Somehow a shot in the head or heart seems the natural end of a soldier; but like Paddy Moore, I'm opposed to hangin' intirely."

"That would not deter me one moment. My honest conviction, Herron, is just this: a man might be proud of dying in this cause, even with the certainty of hanging, or drawing and quartering before his eyes. You know I'm inclined to be Quakerish in my ideas; but I can go a great length for my country when she is in the right."

"I would not have thought that, Edson. But I believe if you undertook the role you would perform it to perfection."

"Well, if they will give me an opportunity, I'll venture to say I will bring back a faithful account of every gun, and its position; of every regiment and brigade, and their numbers. The more I think it over the stronger is my inclination to try it."

As the speakers lay shivering beneath a few rails which prevented the rain from beating upon them, a tall, massive figure walked noiselessly past them, shrouded in a cloak, and wearing a fur cap. He paused a moment

as he listened to the speakers, and then resumed his walk.

"Halt! who goes there?" demanded the picket.

"A friend with the countersign."

"Advance friend, and give the countersign," said the guard, as he lowered his bayonet. The figure in the cap and cloak inclined his head forward and breathed a single word.

"Pass, friend with the countersign."

"Will you tell me," said the stranger in the cap, "where I can find the captain of this guard?"

"The captain is in camp. Lieutenant D——, commands. Pass two more stations; you will find him there, I think."

The stranger moved away, thoughtfully, in the direction indicated.

"I'm blest if I don't think that chap's fond o' walking, such a night as this, with the shivers running down a fellow's back, and the rain soaking his socks till he thinks his boots are canoes; wonder when the relief will come around," muttered the picket, as he shook his head like a man thoroughly out of humor, shaking the drops of water around him like a wet dog. "I wish I was in Fatty McCook's place, or Rousseau's, with a good hot punch before me, and a nice dry blanket around me; but I musn't think of it I suppose."

Threading his way quietly among the bare trees, the figure in the cloak and cap pursued his difficult way patiently until he reached the station designated by the first guard. After giving the countersign, he peered around in search of the lieutenant.

"I understood Lieutenant D—— was here."

"He is, sir," replied a voice, and the next moment the lieutenant emerged from a shelter composed of brush and dead leaves.

"I desire to speak to you a moment, Lieutenant D——." The lieutenant listened respectfully. "But privately, sir," added the stranger.

"Just step this way," said the Lieutenant, leading his visitor apart from the remainder of the group at the station.

"Three—yes, three posts above this you have some men stationed—three or four together. What do you call them?"

"By what authority do you ask the question?" demanded Lieutenant D——, in a courteous tone.

"Can you see—it is quite dark; I am, as you may see, a staff officer," replied the

stranger, as he opened his cloak and displayed a field officer's buttons.

"Well, I can do little harm, I suppose, in giving their names—they are all good soldiers. Martin Brown, Albert Edson, and George Herron."

"Thank you—I only desire to know the names. You say they are good soldiers. Now, do you think any one of them superior to his fellows?"

"Undoubtedly, Albert Edson is the best soldier in our company, not excepting the captain or myself. He refused a commission."

"As a general thing men who refuse commissions make very good soldiers—is that your experience?"

"Edson's is the only case I know."

"Good night, sir, you have a hard time of it out here," and the stranger was moving away, when the Lieutenant strode after him.

"I hope you find nothing to question about the men?"

"No! oh, no! nothing whatever. I simply overheard them talking, and as I am looking over the line I made it my business to find out who they were. I like to know such men. Good night."

"I don't exactly like this," said the Lieutenant to himself as he rejoined his men; but he wisely kept his thoughts to himself.

As Albert Edson was burnishing his gun the following day, his colonel, who at that moment was walking past his tent, called him to him. "Edson," said the colonel, "do you think you could bring me a little credit, and yourself a good deal more, by adventuring say your neck? Negley has had a man down in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, McCook has sent two or three; but not one of them it appears succeeded in entering and remaining in the town. Rousseau is anxious to try his hand at the business, and he is in quest of men for that purpose. You are about the only man I would select in my regiment—what do you say?"

"That nothing would gratify me more. I was just meditating something of the sort when you addressed me."

"This is exceedingly fortunate, Edson; but permit me to ask you as a friend, Edson, to use every precaution. And don't risk too much. Come to my tent in half an hour; we will visit the general together."

At the appointed time, private Edson accompanied by his colonel entered General Rousseau's tent. The General was alone.

"Is this Mr. Edson?" inquired the General, in a quiet tone. "Mr. Edson, permit me to shake hands with you. I learn from Colonel H—— that you yourself meditated this step. When can you start?"

"Now, this minute."

"I like that—that looks business like. I presume you have the necessary clothing then?"

"I propose supplying myself when I am out of camp."

"As you please; and your funds—have you any gold?"

"I have an abundance of greenbacks."

"Here, give them to me," said the General.

"Here is the amount in gold. Now, Mr. Edson, I suppose you know what I want."

"You want the exact number of men, the amount of guns and their position, the names of the commanding generals, and in brief, everything that one of their own soldiers is supposed to know."

"I see you do not require any instructions, and I am tempted to predict that you will be successful. Can I do anything for you?"

"I think I can set out as I am. And I will ask ten days."

"Very well, we will give you up then if you do not return at the end of that time."

"Yes, ten days is certainly sufficient time."

As he was leaving the General's tent, the General shook him heartily by the hand, and bade him God speed. Colonel H—— walked out of the lines with him, conversing upon a variety of subjects, and exactly at five o'clock upon the evening of the 8th of February, private Edson found himself alone, bound upon a perilous enterprise. He walked with a firm step and a resolute bearing directly towards a farm-house about a mile outside of the lines, which he entered respectfully, demanding to see the farmer. The latter, as many of his class then occupied their time, was engaged in whittling a stick and rocking a nondescript cradle, while his wife was busily occupied in baking pone and pies for the soldiers. Edson went straight to his business. Without explaining his motives, or in any manner attempting to excuse the proceeding, he proceeded to bargain for a suit of the farmer's clothes. The farmer's gray eyes twinkled maliciously. He didn't know that he could accommodate his visitor.

"Very well," replied Edson, quietly, "I may procure them from some one else."

"Wall, I'd like to accommodate you—it's ticklish though. Now," with a sly laugh and

a leer, "how'd I know but this might lose me all my fodder, or my horses, Mariar!"

"I reckon you kin if you want to," responded Mariar, quickly.

"What will you give, stranger?"

"Twenty dollars," replied Edson, promptly.

"Stephen, we'll risk it—we'll risk it."

Thereupon Stephen risked it. The suit was worth perhaps eight, certainly not more than ten dollars, coat and pants, homespun, genuine butternut dye. Into these clothes Edson stepped with a secret delight; when he emerged from his dressing-room, he made the farmer's wife a present of his uniform.

"You are goin' to leave them then," said the farmer, in a jocose way.

"I tell no man my business—you can infer what you please," said Edson, curtly.

"No offence; it's none of my business, and anyhow, since I'm pretty sure you mean to give 'em the slip, I say I like you all the better for it. I'd rather do you a good turn if I could."

"You can then—show me the best road to avoid our troops."

"I'd go south. Towards Bowling Green, for instance."

Edson shook his head.

"And if you are afraid of *them* botherin' of you, take off down this side of Green River till you come to Brownsville, then you have a straight shute for Owensboro, on the Ohio river. But you needn't be afraid of *our* men. No, sir! they wont touch a hair of your head."

"I'd rather avoid them; tell me where I ought to go to avoid them."

"Wall, the advance guard"—

"Stephen! you tarnal fool, you!" broke in his better half, angrily.

"No difference; I'll take care of myself. But you may as well not know which road I intend to take if any inquiries are made about me," said Edson, in a dry way, as he stepped towards the door and opened it.

"Wall, I *will*, Mariar! I reckon I know what I'm about; don't go near Dripping Springs, stranger."

"Thank you; good night," and with the words Albert Edson stepped out into the road.

Cherishing this scheme long in his mind, Edson had made himself acquainted with the prominent roads leading through the State. By talking with the farmers who brought the soldiers sole-leather pies for the greenbacks they affected to despise, yet laid carefully away, he had succeeded in deriving much valuable information. Dripping Springs lay

immediately southwest of him, and thither he bent his steps, travelling until ten o'clock ere he concluded to seek lodgings at a wretched log cabin, located at the very summit of a high knob at his left. The inmates received him without evincing suspicion, extended the ordinary hospitalities of the place, and when Edson had done ample justice to some corn cakes and cold bacon, he entered into conversation with the head of the house, who proved to be a sound Union man, and one well-informed concerning the issues of the day. From this man he learned the exact location of the advance guard of the Rebel army. Thereafter, his course lay open before him. With the early dawn he set out for the Rebels' camp, which he reached about noon. He was walking at a rapid rate through the woods, whistling a gay tune, when suddenly he was brought to a stop by a harsh voice calling out, "Halt, there!"

Edson looked up. A young, well-knit man, dressed in gray, and wearing a white hat, which he at that moment flung back from his forehead, as he advanced towards Edson with his gun in his right hand, afforded Edson a reasonable excuse for affecting extreme surprise.

"Hello, you! arn't you fond o' gettin' into scrapes?"

"Wall," replied Edson, affecting the Kentucky drawl, "not overly. I spose a man can travel in this country without asking *your* permission."

"Taint that, hess. Captain Mullger has a word to say about your coming this way though, as well as Hindman."

"Why there's no army hereabouts."

"Don't you play greeny—come along with me. Everybody around these parts, I reckon, knows there is, by experience," chuckling to himself, "where d'you come from, greeny?"

"See here! I'm on my road home to Brownsville, and I've an idea I'm not going to stop just now."

"No talk! On the road to Brownsville!"

"I was only coming this way to see John Bristow."

"Bristows!" The rebel shouldered his gun and paused. "You may be all right, but my orders from Captain Mullger was to arrest any one coming this way; we must go to headquarters."

Edson pretended to be angry, yet he walked quietly beside his captor until they were joined by several others attired in the gray, some of them armed with double-barrelled

shot-guns and pistols, others with the Kentucky rifle. They treated Edson very well; some of the gayest bantered him to join their company, at which the captive laughed, saying he would rather prefer some other life.

Captain Mullger scrutinized him keenly. "Where do you belong to?" he demanded abruptly.

"To Morgantown."

"What are you doing up here?"

"I was up at my uncle's, in Green county."

"What is your name?"

"Hersh."

"Hersh! I've got a man here named Hersh, from Butler county. Send Hersh here, one of you. You selected a strange time to travel. Of course, you were in Hart county. Did you go through Munfordville?"

"No; the place is full of troops."

"And you had no curiosity to see them; that don't hang together."

"Wall, there's nothing simpler," responded Edson, coolly—"I heard that it was easier to get into their lines than it was to get out."

"Perhaps you'll experience the same difficulty here."

"I didn't know it; do you suppose I wanted to be bothered by your questioning?"

The complaining tone in which Edson said this, at once disarmed the captain of all suspicion. "Well, I suppose you mean no harm. What do you say to joining us?"

The query was so sudden that Edson was excusable in his exhibition of surprise, which was nature itself. "Me?—why I don't know the first thing! Down thar," indicating with his thumb the direction of Morgantown, we hev some odd drilling among us; but laws! I don't know nothing about *sojering*."

"You can fire a gun?"

"I rather reckon."

"I'll give you fifty dollars in gold, plump down, if you'll come in. Eh? what do you say to that?—and a suit of better clothes than you ever wore in your life. Is Hersh there? Oh, here, Hersh! Do you know this chap? Says he's a namesake of your'n—from Butler county."

The man stepped forwards slowly, and scanned Edson deliberately. The party thus scrutinized deliberately requested a chaw of tobacco from one of his captors, and slowly placing it in his mouth, apparently paid no attention to Hersh.

"Seems to me I've seen you afore, stranger; you do look like the Hershes above us, though; only I might say they are not remarkably handsome, and you're quite clean cut and

trim." At which a laugh arose, in which Edson good-naturedly joined.

"Oh, I dare say he's all right, all but one circumstance," continued the captain. "It looks a little odd you should come through Hart county without knowing something about the number of men and guns there."

"Why, I can tell you what I heard from them that said they seen them," rejoined Edson, sitting down on a log. "They cal'ated upon nigh forty thousand men, and over sixty guns."

"I don't believe it."

"They did, then; they said the woods was full of them."

"Well, about joining us?"

"I reckon not; I've a brother in one of your regiments—that's enough."

"Where is he?" demanded the captain.

"Down to Bowling Green. He belongs to the — Tennessee."

"Well, now, why couldn't you go in, too? If you'll agree, I'll give you your choice of company and regiment; but I've taken a fancy to you, myself. See here!" with great animation, and slapping his hands on his thighs,

"I'm going down upon the early train tomorrow. Suppose you go down with me. You can look around you, see your brother, and join us. I'll give you fifty," with an oath—"I'll give you seventy dollars in gold, and six days' furlough to go home."

"Folks at home'd never forgive me—*cant*."

"Very well, then I'll report your case to Hindman; I ought to do that, any how."

"You don't *compel* people to join, do you?" queried Edson, with anxiety.

"Oh, no, we're not quite so bad as that. But I'll report you to Hindman. You see, he might take it into his head that you are a spy, and I tell you he makes short work with cattle of that sort."

"I reckon there aint any great danger," rejoined Edson.

"Don't be too sure, young chap," said a tall, lank, yellow-visaged man, who rather enjoyed the examination—"I've known John Morgan to hang a man by Hindman's orders who was a true blue State Rights man; but he couldn't prove it, you see."

"It's no laughing matter," added another, taking the cue; "many a good man has been shot before the cock crew in Bowling Green."

"I've—half a no—notion to join," replied Edson, pretending excessive fear.

"It will save you a heap of trouble," said the captain.

"But not till I go down and see my brother," added Edson hastily.

"Very well; just put your name down on my roll, and I'll give you a pass to Bowling Green any time you want it."

To this Edson finally consented. The night was passed very agreeably with songs and long stories, Edson leading in the singing, and charming his listeners. His anecdotes were racy, and very well told. When he turned in for the night, with a borrowed blanket around him, he flattered himself he had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations thus far. Upon the following morning the captain was unavoidably detained. But Edson insisted upon going down to Bowling Green to see his brother. The captain yielded assent finally, and Albert Edson experienced the very novel sensation of walking the streets of a fortified town in the character of a spy, exactly at twelve A. M., on the eleventh of February. His first move led him to a hotel in the northeastern corner of the square, immediately beside General Buckner's office, or rather the office of his Adjutant General. Here he mingled with the crowd awaiting their dinner, and heard many things that moved his risibilities. He paid half a dollar for a wretched dinner, and afterwards sauntered towards College Hill. A bristling bayonet, however, warned him to retrace his steps. He then walked down the main street, where he beheld General Buckner in the midst of a group of Confederate officers and gayly-attired ladies, seated before a very handsome cottage house, the property of Buckner's cousin, which the chivalrous general had appropriated to himself, while his cousin with his family took refuge in the North. These facts Edson gleaned from a garrulous soldier, who had been the recipient of a generous quid of tobacco. As he bethought himself that he had no time to spare, he informed his loquacious companion that he had come to town in quest of a brother, who was a member of the — Tennessee regiment.

"Well, you go to General Baird's office in the square; he's Buckner's Adjutant-General, and he'll give you a permit to see him. You go up on College Hill."

"How many Tennessee regiments is there here?" queried Edson.

"Couldn't say; ten or eleven—maybe more. The Second Cavalry is over under Hardee. You'll find slegs of them a-top of them hills," pointing to the fortifications on the hills opposite and behind him. "Oh, Ten-

nessee's loose; but I'd take you for Kentuck the world over, if I didn't hear you speak."

Edson laughed and walked away. As he passed a repulsive looking stone building upon the south side of the shed, he observed iron bars across the windows. He paused a moment to contemplate it. Several curly black heads, with glittering eyes and teeth, were looking out at him; he comprehended that he stood before a jail.

"Looking at the spy?"

Edson turned abruptly. An ill-favored man stared at him, and repeated the question.

"No; I didn't know they had a spy; how long have they had him?"

"Not long; I suppose Buckner'll hang him some day. If I had my way, I'd cut his heart out, and make a punch-bowl of his skull."

Edson shivered involuntarily, and moved away towards the Adjutant-General's office. But the clerk informed him that no passes were issued at that hour; he must call in the morning. He slept that night in a large room, in which were four beds, all occupied by confederate officers, whose unrestrained speech afforded him very much information that was too valuable to be forgotten. The location of various regiments, and the chance allusion to some names in particular, were at that moment exceedingly useful to him. About eight o'clock the next morning, he presented himself to the Adjutant-General, and applied for a pass to enter the camp upon the bank of Barren river, saying that he desired to see his brother, in the Second Tennessee Cavalry. In due time the pass was made out, and the clerk was handing it to him, after blotting the Adjutant's signature, when that officer suddenly turned his piercing eyes full upon Edson.

"Have you taken the oath, sir?"

"I have," responded the applicant, in a calm tone.

"Edgar, hand me that Bible; a good oath cannot be taken too often. Swear, sir!"

There was no retreat; indeed, Edson had prepared himself for something of the sort. He was on the point of raising his hand, when a figure darkened the door.

"What are you swearing my man for, General?" he inquired jocosely.

The Adjutant put down the book. "You did not tell me that you belonged to Mullger's company."

"You would not have believed me if I had," rejoined Edson, dryly.

"Well, well, I'll vouch for him, anyhow—seen your brother, Hersh?" As he spoke,

the off-handed captain extended a hand. The Adjutant no longer retained a doubt.

"I am just going to see him now—they refused me a pass last night."

"See here, General, give him a pass to look around him."

"Against the rules."

"Curse the rules, then. I suppose, now, I would require a pass."

"Three of them, before you could go into the three camps."

"There, Hersh!—go on about your business, and let us get back to free air once more. I go up at four; remember, I'll expect you on the train."

Edson betook himself in quest of his brother. Failing to find him in Hardee's camp and Buckner's, he concluded to try the camp in the rear of the town. To do this, he was obliged to obtain a pass from Albert Sydney Johnson, and in doing this, he was compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. There was no one to vouch for him; the slightest hesitation would have placed his neck in jeopardy. But he flattered himself that, instead of riding towards Rocky Hill Station beside Captain Mullger, he was quietly informing himself of the number of men and guns, the amount of provisions, and the locations of the different camps, and their respective commanders.

On the morning of the third day he presented himself a second time before Buckner's Adjutant-General, and applied for a pass to return to Dripping Springs. The General, remembering him at a glance, furnished the pass, and Albert Edson, with his heart throbbing with joy, stepped aboard of the upward train exactly at ten o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth.

Instead of leaving the train at Rocky Hill Station, he mingled quietly with the crowd around the Oakland Station, and struck out towards Cameleon Springs. He was walking rapidly through the forest—he had left the main road an hour previous—when he heard somebody hailing him. The thought occurred to him that perhaps Captain Mullger had a squad of men stationed in the neighborhood, in which case, were he captured by them, he could entertain no reasonable hopes that they would spare his life. And failure at the twelfth hour was more than he could brook. These thoughts passed through his mind with the rapidity of volition; instead of halting he bounded forward, and succeeded in placing a considerable distance between himself and the

challenging party, when suddenly his left arm thrilled with a tingling sensation, and at the same moment he heard the report of a rifle. Increasing his speed, he ran like the wind over fallen logs and immense bowlders, bounded over ruts and across ravines like a hunted deer, never pausing to throw a glance behind him until he had accomplished two miles. Then he slackened his pace, and gradually fell into an ordinary walk as he came out upon a by-road. A comfortable log cabin was before him—a cherry-cheeked girl in the garden in front of it gathering some chips. She observed Edson's agitation, and, divining the cause, said in a natural tone—

"If you want to hide, come with me quick."

Edson could only look at her.

"Are you not pursued? I thought I saw you hurrying a moment ago."

"Will you befriend me?" inquired Edson, in a husky voice.

"This way—this way. Are you a Union man?"

"I am," replied Edson, frankly, "and if I am captured they will hang me to-morrow, perhaps."

"I knew it—I suspected it. God knows we have enough of bloodshed in these times. There, get in there—they will never look for you there," she exclaimed hurriedly, as she pointed to an immense mound, at one end of which Edson observed an aperture, into which he immediately proceeded to squeeze himself.

Five minutes later three men bounded into the clearing in hot haste. The young girl was engaged in chopping wood.

"Have you seen any one passing this way—a tall man, with a long beard?"

"Nobody passed this house," replied the girl, pausing to lean on her axe, and looking into the faces of the pursuers calmly.

The men looked at each other, muttered something that the young girl failed to hear, and hurried away.

Half an hour afterwards, the young girl passed the place where Edson had secreted himself, and uttered these words—

"I will need some turnips as soon as it grows dark—bring them into the house with you."

Poor Edson lay bleeding in the darkness. He vainly endeavored to staunch his wound, then quietly submitted to the pain. Waiting until it was quite dark, he left his hiding place and entered the cabin. An old crone was seated at one side of the huge fire-place.

Before a table, preparing supper, stood the girl who had befriended him. At the sound of the falling latch, she turned towards him.

"You are wounded—I did not know it—why did you not tell me?" she exclaimed, the moment she observed his sleeve dripping with blood.

"A trifle—still it pains me."

The old crone rocked herself violently and shook her head.

"Good evening, grandmother," said Edson, politely, taking off his hat.

"She's deaf. Here, take off your coat; let me bathe that arm—but no, it is better bound up in the blood, I believe. Does that hurt you?"

"Not at all," and Edson gazed in wonder at the singular face before him.

"How did you get it?—are you a home guard?"

"I am a soldier."

"Where is your regiment or company?"

"At Green River."

"Then you are a spy," rejoined the girl quickly, darting a searching glance at the handsome face before her.

With a vivid blush, like that of a girl, Edson answered—

"I am. You know my fate if I am caught."

"Who is your general? Rousseau's at Green River. Do you serve under him?"

"I do."

"Then I am proud to have one of his men under our roof," and this time she permitted herself to gaze admiringly upon the form before her. "Sit down and tell me all about him—tell me what he looks like—what you think of him, and—and do you know what he likes and dislikes—tell me everything while I am making our supper."

Edson smiled. "You think a good deal of him."

"So much that I would give a year of my life to get a good look at him."

"Well, then I can give you my idea of my general. Mind, it is apt to be too partial. I style Rousseau the REGENERATOR of Kentucky. When the traitor Buckner returned to Louisville from his visit to Washington (where he preferred his claims for an appointment in our army under a prominent general), Rousseau, suspecting his loyalty, and wholly alive to the necessity of the times, was foremost among the determined men of Louisville in stemming the tide of Secession which was created by Buckner and others under the specious titles

of States and Southern Rights. Buckner, as it were, opened the sluice-gates. Rousseau alone, with more strength, more determination, and still more resolution, closed them. In effect, he opened the eyes of the citizens of Louisville in the nick of time to prevent that city from becoming what Bowling Green, now is—the head quarters of Buckner's army. With a single regiment of men he attacked Buckner when he was posted on Muldraugh's Hill, and drove him back twenty miles with one blow. No wonder you Kentuckians are proud of him. He is a man to love and die for. And in all that camp of Rebels at Bowling Green you will not find a man of them who does not, in his secret heart, dread Rousseau more than any two generals we have opposed to them. He likes order and dispatch. He is quick himself—a self-made man, you know. He is neither vain nor proud—dresses quite plainly, but not carelessly. He can't endure anything approaching cowardice. He reads human nature pretty well. He is fond of his native State, fond of his horse, and devotedly attached to his men. Can I say more?"

"You have not told me what he looks like."

"He ought to be proud of the interest he inspires. Well, then, he is a perfect specimen of the physical man. In height, a trifle over six feet two inches, admirably proportioned, weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds, with the muscles of a Hercules and the front of a lion. His face and form impresses instantly the dullest beholder with respect. He is the best horseman in the army of the Ohio, without a doubt. His forehead is high, broad and massive; nose well-shaped and broad at the base; mouth large and mobile; very square chin; fine, silky, black hair, slightly tinged with gray; eyes black, well-shaped, and luminous with thought. There, you have our general, Lovell H. Rousseau. Does the picture please you?"

"Just as I had fancied him. And you serve under him—you see him often, perhaps you hear him speak."

"I have talked with him face to face."

"Will you see him again? If you do, tell him you met a country girl—an ignorant country girl—who prays for his success every night she lies down, and that he may live to see his country at peace once more."

"I will," replied Edson, affected by her manner and tone more than he felt like showing.

"Sit here—let me give you a good supper, for you must not stay in this neighborhood.

Besides, your wound requires attention. You must set out for Green River to-night."

"Will you tell me why it is I find you here with nobody but this old woman?" inquired Edson, respectfully.

"My father is in prison in Bowling Green," responded the girl, with flashing eyes. "My only brother is in the army on the Potomac—now you know why I aided you. Anything, oh! anything that wears the blue, be he good or bad, shall receive the best of treatment at my hands. That is how I feel, exactly."

"Well," said Edson, as he prepared to leave, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for interfering in my behalf. I will endeavor to find an opportunity to pass the good turn around. Chance brought me here—I shall never forget the kind-hearted girl that succored me in my distress."

"After learning from her the best route towards Green River, Edson took his leave. He never paused that night. With the stars to guide him, he travelled rapidly towards Munfordville, and arrived there about noon the following day, without meeting any farther adventures, save in approaching the lines, where he was arrested by an Ohio captain and led into Rousseau's presence.

"General, here is a fellow that pretends to belong to one of our regiments—his story is rather mixed. I have brought him to you."

The General was engaged with a map.

"Very well—very well, Captain—in a moment. Now, sir," added the General, turning around shortly. "Edson!" he exclaimed, frankly, extending a hand, "back so soon?"

The Captain looked somewhat crestfallen.

"You only performed your duty, Captain. Permit me to say that what you have observed should remain a secret."

The Captain bowed and retired.

"Well?" demanded the General, anxiously.

"I think my report will please you. Give me a pencil and paper—in ten minutes you shall have the number and location of every gun in every fort in Bowling Green," said Edson, sitting down upon a camp-stool.

In a moment he was bent over the table, the General looking on, rubbing his hands softly and smiling.

"There," said Edson, "is the plan and just proportion of the various works; when we get there you may apply the line—they will not vary much. And here, to show you who commands."

He drew from his pocket as he spoke three

passes, signed by Buckner, Hardee and Albert Sydney Johnson.

"Edson, you delight me—I know the ground well—you have performed your mission remarkably well—remarkably well." Then abruptly, "Now, how many men have they?"

"Positively over twelve, but not possibly over fourteen thousand."

"Give me a history of your expedition—but stay one moment, come back here in an hour, don't let it be later."

Edson retired to his quarters, where he was greeted as one risen from the dead by his companions. Once more attired in the "blue," he repaired to the General's tent, where he encountered a straight, well-formed gentleman, plainly attired, engaged in earnest conversation with Rousseau. The stranger turned a remarkably piercing, full blue eye upon Edson that read his very soul. As Edson, in compliance with Rousseau's request, related his adventure, the thin lips of the stranger were so tightly compressed as to leave but a line in the intellectual face. Several times he questioned Edson in a respectful manner, but only after Rousseau had opened the way. When Edson came to that part of his adventure where he was pursued, both of his listeners started from their seats impulsively.

"What! wounded, my man, and you did not mention it!" exclaimed Rousseau, reproachfully.

"You desired to see me in an hour's time, General," responded Edson, calmly.

The listeners glanced at each other meaningly.

"We will hear you again—report yourself to Surgeon Goldsmith immediately, in the next tent. This moment," added Rousseau, leading the way.

"May I ask you one question?" said Edson, as they stood before the Surgeon's tent.

"Who was that officer who questioned me?"

"That," replied Rousseau, "is General Buell. Your fortune is made, private Edson. And just here I may remark that, from what I overheard on the picket line not long ago, I have been led to adopt measures that will put it out of your power to decline a commission—it is Buell's wish that you take charge of a battery which will come up from Bardstown in a few days—so prepare yourself for your new duties."

The information acquired by Edson enabled the Union generals to change the phase of affairs in Kentucky two days later, when General Mitchell was ordered down to Bowling

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Green with his division. How the Rebel troops evacuated the town and streamed towards Nashville; how Captain Loomis succeeded in knocking first the front and then the rear driving-wheel from the locomotive that was carrying the last troops out of the town; how with one shot he made the Rebels fly from the railroad depot, leaving an immense quantity of stores in the hands of the Union men, are matters of history. The people who live upon the northern side of Barren River will point out to the traveller the spot where the famous battery-man planted his gun at Edson's suggestion, and at the distance of a mile performed feats that were the talk of the country, and a two weeks' wonder to the oldest artillery captains.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"SUCH A COMFORT."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Such a comfort!" said the mother, young and pretty still, though her cheek was somewhat faded with anxieties and watchings. "Such a comfort and blessing as the baby is, from morning till night!" There he lay, kicking and crowing in her lap, after the fashion of year old babies, little yellowish-brown flakes of hair sprinkled all over his round ball of a head, a pair of eyes that looked like two very bright blue beads, and two cheeks that always reminded me of a couple of plump apple dumplings; a bit of a nose that I had entertained serious apprehensions would be in a perpetual wrinkle, so seldom, between whining and bawling, did it assume its normal length; and a mouth that suggested rosebuds when it smiled, but that was only at rare intervals, drawing and squalling seeming to be the chief aim and purpose of its first twelve months of existence.

"Such a comfort!" I thought of days of care and nights of sleeplessness, that held that frail young mother for the last year the veriest bond-slave conceivable.

Not one minute of the day nor one of the night to call hers! That little twelve-month old was the most inexorable tyrant that ever swayed sceptre. His call was more absolute in his mother's ears than the sound of a chieftain's trumpet to his legions.

And there was no respite by day nor night. "Mother" must rock her baby to sleep, and watch him through his dreams, and be at her post when he awoke. Then there was the daily bathing and powdering and dressing, all of which had to be accomplished in the face of the most violent vocal and pedal remonstrances.

There was whooping-cough and measles, those spectres that lie in wait on the outer shores of childhood, to clutch their victims; there was rash, and chicken-pock, and scarlet fever in prospective; there was the constant watchfulness or terror lest the "baby" should fall into the fire and get burned, or into the "bathing-tub" and get drowned; lost

he should stumble over a chair and dismember his nose, or lean out of the window and break his neck.

And yet, with all this perplexity, torment, anxiety, eating into her peace, life, health, making her old before her time, the mother said to me, her eyes overflowing with tenderness, and her face growing beautiful in its inspiration of love, "Such a comfort as my baby is!"

"Such a comfort!" said the mother, looking up from the sewing, over which her head had been bowed diligently; and her eyes filled with swift tears, as she glanced at the small easy chair in the corner.

There sat the little, pale, wasted face, with the preternaturally bright eyes, and long, thin, wasted fingers of her child, a poor little misshapen thing, that would never be able to take a step in the world.

And for this, the woman toiled the days in and out at her needle, till her head ached, and the stitches all ran into one long, blurred line, and the sharp pain caught her side, and came and went; and her pale face grew thin and haggard with the slow, ceaseless toil, which barely sufficed to earn a shelter and food for herself and the poor little deformed thing, which sat reaching its hands out to catch the little golden flock of sunbeams that came and went in the corner.

A little, fretful, suffering, deformed child, in whom nobody but the mother's eyes could see any grace or beauty, and yet with what patience she bore all its whims, and petulance, and exactions. What shifts she made, what self-denials she imposed on herself, what added toils she cheerfully undertook to buy it a new toy, or tempt the sick appetite with some little delicacy, some rare fruit or nice confection.

One would have said, looking with unutterable pity at the poor, care-worn, widowed mother, that her little deformed child was like some awful blight and curse upon her life, draining its strength, exhausting its resources, and wearing her down slowly into her grave; and yet, never dreaming of all this sacrifice and silent endurance, that made of her

life one long, unsung heroism, the mother's face thrilled with a miraculous joy and tenderness, that made the worn features beautiful, as the words came up in a swift gust of feeling from her inmost heart, "She is such a comfort!"

"He is the greatest comfort of all!" said the mother, nestling her cheek down fondly to the cheek of her blind boy. Other children she had—brave, noble, hearty boys; sweet, fair-haired girls—but this one—this, the little, helpless, puny blind boy, had a corner in the loving mother's heart which none of the others could enter.

He had given her vastly more care and anxiety and labor, than all the rest. She had to follow him with her watchful eyes, with her helpful hands, from morning until night. He must be forever at her side, with his incessant wants, with his pitiful limitations and helplessness. There was no happy,

careless, rollicking childhood for him; he could never go out and play like his brothers and sisters, never "shift for himself" in any of the needs and emergencies of life. His mother must be hands and eyes and feet always, to the little boy that was "blind from his birth;" and yet, amid her sweet-faced girls and her dark-haired boys, that in their strength and beauty were like olive plants about her table, and must have been the pride and joy of her heart—this mother bent down to the little, puny, helpless child, for whose sake all men and women pitied her, saying out of the fulness of her heart, "He is the greatest comfort of all!"

Oh, children, young and old, you do not know, you do not prize enough this wonderful mother-love, that, like that royal charity, which is the crown jewel of all the graces and virtues, "bears all things, suffers all things, endures all things."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ELLA GORDON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY M. E. B.

"A Christmas present!" exclaimed little Ella Gordon, as she stepped from the store of Mr. Pyncheon on her way from school the day before Christmas, holding up a beautiful silver card basket as she spoke. "Isn't it beautiful?" said she to her schoolmates, while they gathered around with eager eyes to see the trinket, which as it glistened and sparkled in the red sunlight, richly deserved the praises lavishly bestowed upon it by the lively party. All the adjectives at the command of the little hooded circle, were showered upon the gift at once.

"It is so pretty," chimed in the soft voice of Emma Wilson, a pale, sickly-looking child, through whose poorly protected frame ten winters had sent their chilling blasts. "It is so pretty, and then it is so nice to have presents when you don't expect them. Ella, what makes everybody give you something? Why, I never had a present in all my life. Let me show it to brother Hugh, he would so like to see it," and suiting the action to the word, she raised it above her head, calling loudly to him upon the opposite side of the street, where he was talking very earnestly with some companions.

Hugh and his company were soon on the ground admiring the gift, but when the name of the giver was announced, there was an almost simultaneous shrug of the shoulders, and exclamations of contempt fell from many lips.

"Pshaw!" said one. "Old Pyncheon's turned Santa Claus, has he? Well, if that isn't funny!"

"Guess he's had good success pinching lately," said another; and Hugh broke forth—

"Yes! he has pinched to his heart's content, I hope; but I know one thing, if I was a man, he would have done his last pinching on us long ago! I wouldn't stand it, Ella Gordon! I wouldn't take anything from a man who would rob poor people and then make handsome presents to the rich. My mother does his washing, and pays her rent with the money, and he knows it, too; yet every week when I take his clothes home to him he cannot somehow make just the right change. It always falls short. There's a convenient hole in his pocket somewhere, and he had not quite as much as he thought, and then when the rent comes due, mother's in great trouble. Oh! I hate him. He's as mean as—as—as," and Hugh clinched his little fists and set his teeth firmly together, while he could not find a word strong enough to express his dislike.

"That's so," echoed Jimmy Temple, "for when my father was a long time sick, and couldn't buy hay for the cow, he sold it, and old Pyncheon said if he would lend him the money, he would give him ten per cent. interest for it; but when spring came, he said six per cent was lawful interest, and he would pay it when he got ready."

A long catalogue of similar acts of Mr. Pyncheon was related by the boys, until poor Ella, sick at heart, and despising the present which a few minutes before had seemed so beautiful, wrapped it in her handkerchief and hastened homeward. Very quietly she entered the house, and throwing the parcel upon the parlor table, preserved perfect silence regarding it. There it lay until discovered by her older sister, Miss Annie, who bore it to the table, where the family were taking tea, and inquired to whom it belonged. After a long silence

and much hesitation, Ella confessed the ownership, and with much urging was finally prevailed upon to reveal the donor and her reasons for not wishing to acknowledge it, detailing faithfully all that the children had said against Mr. Pyncheon.

"Never mind what those ignorant boys say," said Miss Annie, condolingly. "They are vulgar poor people, who are always envious, and it is only because they envy Mr. Pyncheon and you, because he made you such a nice present, that they said so many ill-natured things. Besides it is a charming gift, isn't it?" and she held it up to the gaze of the family circle.

"Splendiferous!" ejaculated Frank, throwing up his hands in an assumed attitude of intense admiration. "Old Pyncheon must have saved a good many four per cents, to be able to make such a sacrifice for the benefit of our family, and expects to realize as many more from it I reckon."

"Why, my son, what do you mean," demanded his mother. "Is it possible that you believe those unlearned boys know anything about percentage and business dealings. A man of Mr. Pyncheon's standing, too, his motives should not be impeached."

"It doesn't require much 'business knowledge' to know a mean man when you see him. He carries it in his very face. His skin is just the color of his gold dollars. His nose is sharp for prying around into odd corners after pennies, his lips are too compressed to allow anything generous to pass either in or out of them, and I've no doubt his old soul would rattle like a dry nut in its shell if one could only get hold of his oily carcass to shake it. What I mean is," coolly continued the wilful youth, while "sister Annie" held up her hands in well-feigned horror, "that I believe every word Ella's schoolmates said about him. I know from others as well as they. Am I not right, father?" and thus appealed to, Mr. Gordon answered, confirming Frank's opinion.

This was the end of the tea-table discussion. The ladies knew that if father had taken part against them, and Frank had arrayed his fearless tongue and sarcasm upon that side, it were useless to say anything farther to Ella concerning the appropriateness or value of the gift.

"But at all events," said Frank, concluding a very earnest private discussion held with his little sister in the parlor after tea, "the old fellow will be around here this evening to get mother's thanks and hear sister Annie extol his 'boundless beneficence' and generosity, and you can just ask him whether it was really true about the cow, and the washing. It could do no harm, of course."

"Just the thing! just the thing!" said she, clapping her hands excitedly. "Perhaps he didn't do it after all."

"You may call Mr. Frank Gordon 'at home' to visitors for this evening," said that youth, with a very low bow to himself, while he chuckled and

laughed with great satisfaction. "Wouldn't I like her to ask the old fellow, though!"

Evening came, and with it, very early, Mr. Pyncheon, in accordance with Frank's prediction. Mrs. Gordon was in ecstasies over the gift and the giver. Miss Annie could not find words to express her admiration of the disinterestedness which prompted to such munificence. Frank, after shaking hands and bowing very low to the gentleman, took a seat at the table, and with a piece of paper and pencil amused himself making little sketches, in which the sharp outlines of the visitor's face occupied a very prominent position. There was a man peering through the cracks in the platform of the hay scales in search of a missing penny; there was a ridiculous figure astride a poor cow, labelled "four per cent." with many others, and the features of each were unmistakably those of the gentleman present.

Flushed with pride at his flattering reception, at last Mr. Pyncheon turned to Ella for confirmation of the praises so lavishly bestowed, but was surprised to find her utterly silent, and only able to say, when pressed for a reply, amid much stammering and blushing, that she "didn't know."

Mustering courage from an approving nod and smile from Frank, and disregarding the horrified countenances of the two ladies, she overwhelmed the astonished gentleman at last with a host of questions relative to the afternoon's disclosures concerning his character. Quite stupefied he could not utter a word in self-defence, and Frank, at his mother's not very mild suggestion, led Ella from the room.

"She always was such a singular child," apologized Mrs. Gordon.

"And is not at all well either," suggested Miss Annie; but notwithstanding the excuses offered, the discomfited Pyncheon was evidently ill at ease, and soon after, making a plea of business, left the house.

"Ella! Ella! what have you done!" exclaimed her sister, when the visitor had departed, but the poor child was quite frightened at the result of her innocent inquiries, and attempted no defence of her conduct.

"I am shocked!" said Mrs. Gordon. "I fear Mr. Pyncheon is very much offended. Besides, all Ella knew was derived from those ignorant boys."

"Boys," said Mr. Gordon, "are the men of the future. They gain much before they arrive at the stature of manhood, but unfortunately they lose much of that fearless and truthful speech which characterizes their youth. Even Hugh, when he arrives at maturity, will have lost much of that straightforward simplicity with which he denounced Ella's gift to-day. It is well to listen to the boys."

Night had thrown its dark shadows about the obscure cottage of the poor widow, Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. Pyncheon's weekly washing, after infinite toil and patience, was at last finished. The last polished bosom lay smoothly in the large basket; the last snowy collar had received the finishing touch from the heavy iron, and the pile of garments lay in spotless purity, while Hugh had gone on his hated errand to take them to the owner. All day the poor woman labored and sighed.

No one realized how much she was obliged to labor for the support of her family, since it was well known that there were wealthy relatives of her husband, who had only to open well-filled purses and supply her with all the comforts and even luxuries of life. The children, too, were always kept at school, and dressed in clothing clean and neat. But the wealthy relatives wore rich apparel, and in proportion as this grew heavy with ornament and embroidery, the purse grew light, so that when assistance was needed by the poor widow's family, they substituted good advice for substantial aid, hinting at the same time that she need feel no delicacy about receiving proffered gifts from others, and suggested the impropriety, not to say disgrace to themselves, of her appearing in the street in other than perfectly respectable attire. But she had borne all meekly, never asking any favors, bearing uncomplainingly all her heavy load of griefs, sorrows, disappointments.

This bright Christmas Eve, she sat gazing into the firelight, thinking over the sad past. Little Emma had fallen asleep on the lounge, and all was still save the steady ticking of the tall old time-piece in the corner, which to the widow's

heart spoke the solemn words of the immortal "old clock on the stairs"—

"Forever, never, never, forever!"

But her reveries were broken by the sudden breaking open of the door, and the entrance of Hugh, followed by Frank and Ella Gordon, bearing Christmas presents to their schoolmates, the widow's children. These had been selected with great care from their large stock, following Mr. Gordon's suggestions as to propriety. A handsomely trimmed warm merino dress Ella had for Emma. Frank gave something equally serviceable to Hugh, and when they were gone, there was found the most substantial gift of all upon the table—a well-filled purse from Mr. Gordon to Mrs. Wilson.

It was the first time such kind friends had found their way to the cottage, and a clear, beautiful beam of light fell across the hearthstone that Christmas Eve, which shone long and brightly, illuminating with a cheerful radiance many a weary day in her darksome pathway.

And Mr. Pyncheon, whether actuated by a sense of shame, roused by the earnest words of little Ella, or whether stirred by a deeper, truer feeling, we know not; but certain it is that ever after, though scrupulously exact, he was never mean in his dealings with his washerwoman, and every Christmas morning sent a gift—not to the home of the wealthy Gordons, but to the house of the poor widow, Mrs. Wilson.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

PRESERVATION OF CHILDREN'S TEETH.

BY HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

I propose to write a series of *short lectures on the teeth*, which I hope may prove useful to thousands who have never given the matter a thought; with an ardent desire, also, that others in the profession may engage their pens in the same discussion. I hold it to be the *duty* of every medical man, in whatever department of medicine he may practice, to instruct the public in the *LAWS OF HEALTH*.

These lectures will be, as far as possible, divested of all technicalities, and written in simple and familiar language, so that children may understand them.

Not only child-life, but adult life depends, in a great measure for its happiness on the *integrity* of the teeth. None can be comfortable or happy, with decayed, broken and aching teeth.

The health and soundness of adult teeth depend in a great measure on the same condition in those of children, as you will perceive in the progress of these "papers;" but I want you to *believe* it now, that you may take immediate measures for the preservation of these organs in the mouths of the dear ones dependent on you. And here let me insist on a daily and thorough cleansing of their teeth. That dear little child will "cut" all of its "first set" before it is four

years old. The majority of children get them at two and a-half, and three years seldom pass without bringing all twenty of them to view. Take the little three-year-old in your lap, now, and count them. In either jaw you will find four little pearls in front, with horizontal cutting edges, called *Incisors*; one on each side at the corners of the mouth, pointed, called *eye-teeth*, or *CANINES*; two larger, square-shaped ones, still further back, are the double-teeth or *MOLARS*. Are they not beautiful? Just twenty; remember just twenty in the "first set" or *TEMPORARY TEETH*. Mother! have you not rejoiced over the birth of each of these pearls, as they one by one appeared struggling through the gum? Yes, many of you have thanked God that the dangerous period of *first dentition* was past. Now you surely wish to *preserve* that which has been so tardily and at so much peril obtained.

Keep their teeth clean. Give them *plain and coarse* food. Put them, at five years of age, under the professional charge of an honest and capable dentist. Semi-annual *examinations*, at least, should be made of their teeth. If decay occur in them, let them be immediately *plugged*, that the *first set* may be retained with comfort and usefulness, until each is replaced by one of the *second dentition*.

Want of space will forbid an argument in favor of

these directions in the present lecture; but if you will be patient, you shall have the reasons for them as we progress.

Keep the teeth clean! This precept cannot be too well obeyed; a soft brush and water will do it. In a little while the child will learn to perform the operation for itself. The brush may sometimes be rubbed on a cake of toilet soap.

Do you know that food remaining on the teeth, especially next to the gums and between the teeth, will in a few hours turn sour? The acid which forms unites with the lime of the tooth, and destroys a portion of it.

Shall I tell you something of the structure or ANATOMY of a tooth? I will describe enough of it to answer our purpose. It is composed of an animal substance like gristle, and a mineral substance which is lime. The animal portion gives shape to the organ, and the mineral part gives it hardness. The greater part of the body of a tooth is called DENTINE; this is covered with an armor, which is intended to shield it from injury, being very hard and resisting, and is called the ENAMEL. The dentine is softer, and more susceptible to decay. If a tooth is immersed in a strong acid for a short time, it will be found on removal to be soft and easily cut, and like gristle. This is owing to the lime, which gives hardness to the tooth,

being dissolved by the acid, and removed from the softer portion. This soft or gristly portion is hardened with CARBONATE of lime, while the Enamel is almost wholly PHOSPHATE of lime with only a trace of animal matter in its tissue. Please remember these facts, as we shall have occasion to refer to them hereafter. People often talk about the nerve of a tooth, without really knowing what it is. I will tell you. In the centre of each tooth is a pulpy animal substance, through which the organ is nourished. Through it wind in every direction an ARTERY, NERVE and vein, having their entrance through each root, thus giving life and sensibility to the whole tooth. On the life and health of the PULP depends the proper condition of the member—its comfort and permanency.

When exposed to the air, it is pretty sure to ache. It seldom becomes diseased without exposure, although it sometimes does. Almost all toothache is caused by decay until the Pulp is reached. How important that they should be plugged before this misfortune occurs; and let me here say that decayed teeth cannot be plugged too soon after a cavity is discovered. And as you can know but little of the condition of your own or your children's teeth from your own observation, do not fail to make frequent periodical visits to your dentist, that a thorough examination may be made.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

"OUR NEW DEPARTMENT."

I am pleased to see, friend Arthur, that you contemplate opening a department in your magazine, to which your subscribers can, from time to time, contribute little waifs of facts and experiences, such as are calculated to amuse and instruct, to adorn the home circle, and to make one think better thoughts.

I have at times been much impressed with the consciousness that we shall be called to render an account of our intellectual stewardship. We often think thoughts that give us profound pleasure—that seem to benefit us—to put us in better humor with ourselves, and, as a consequence, with those around us. Are we not supremely selfish when we refuse to share such thoughts with others, that they may become socially and intellectually benefited? Are we not ignominiously burying our talent—false in our stewardship?

If such thoughts are not elaborate enough, or sufficient in novelty or brilliancy to suggest or shine in an essay, we should still give them to the world in one form or another. If we cannot print them, we have at least the inestimable privilege to speak them.

Ah, friend Arthur, you will not be arraigned on that count! Your stewardship has been pre-eminently liberal. How often have words that you have written made the heart come choking up into the throat—the eyes to see clearer—the lips to murmur a prayer for help—the soul to grow stronger in faith and purpose. May God preserve your life for another score of years.

Come up to the good work, my fellow contributors. Let each drop in his or her mite of home thoughts,

and home experiences. Sweet thoughts, kind thoughts, grand thoughts! Gems of humor, from the prattling lips of children—advice from the trembling lips of old age—letters of racy chattiness from breezy hilltops—quiet voices from the sanctuaries of home—patches of delicious sunlight, flung from the innermost temple—every-day lessons and actualities, that stay one when they stumble, point out the way when it is dark, refresh us when we are weary.

"Be purity of life the test,

Leave to the heart, to Heaven, the rest."

F. H. STAUFFER.

MOUNT JOY, PA., November 1, 1864.

The author of "Campaign Sketches" gives us the following pleasant incident:—

BATTLE-CHRISTENED KITTENS.

On the morning of the eighth of April, 1861, (just after the battle) Corporal Ed. H——, of Company B. — Illinois, came running to me with three playful little kittens under his arm, peeping maliciously out of his haversack.

"Why, H——, where in the name of all that's wonderful did you come across the kittens?"

"Found 'em—aint they beauties, though? I say, Captain, you may have one, if you'll promise to take real good care of it."

"Kittens! kittens on the Field of Shiloh! Why," exclaimed a sergeant at my elbow, "I thought that every living thing in the shape of bird, beast and insect, was killed either by the iron hail or the thunder.

Why, they're as natural as life. If you've no objections, I'll take one, H——."

Instantly a score of eager hands were outstretched towards the demure pussies.

"Found 'em in a house over there," said H——, nodding towards a deserted cabin—"old pussy's gone off and left 'em. Never mind, we'll take care of 'em."

And well they did. To see the men who the day before breathed nothing but dire vengeance and slaughter, nursing and feeding those motherless kittens, would have effectually dissipated any doubts the observer might have entertained concerning their genuine tenderness and sympathy. Soldiers are immensely fond of pets; those kittens were carried on knapsacks hundreds of miles, and when the black coffee was gulped down without a murmur, kitty would rub her paws and yawn contentedly over the cup from which she had just licked the last vestige of milk.

A correspondent sends these timely hints:—

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The happy New Year's time is almost here again, a time of all others when we should lay aside old habits that one had, and take on only those that are right. It is a pleasant custom which we have amongst us of making and receiving calls upon that day. Friends, who in the hurry and bustle of every-day life grow neglectful of each other, are glad to have a day of the year thus set apart for settling all past arrangements of social duty. But with the good creeps in also a great evil which we do not err in saying, more than counterbalances all the advantages of this delightful custom. What thoughtful Christian mother does not tremble for her young and impulsive boy, setting out in the morning for a round of calls. Does she not know that the tables on which he will find wines and brandies and cordials, will be the rule and not the exception.

"Alas, the world is full of peril!

The path that runs through the fairest meads

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads

Into a region bleak and sterile,

Some falsehood mingles with all truth,

Nor is it strange the heart of youth

Should waver and comprehend but slowly,

The things that are holy and unholy."

Oh, will not every mother who has a son she loves think seriously of this matter, and not permit the poisoned cup to be found on her table. If she has no son of her own, let her think of that other anxious mother, whose boy may meet with the tempter to-day under her own roof, beside her generous (?) table. Be sure when that noble form is a wreck, and that poor soul worse than shipwrecked, God will call you to answer for the share you had in the ruin. Be sure He notes all these things. He can tell to a shade your own responsibility in the matter, and He does not judge at all by your standard. Ah, there are many smiling, richly robed ladies of fashion, who have a fearful record marked down this day by the recording angel. It will be no mitigation of the offence that it is a time-honored custom. So it was a time-honored custom of the Canaanites to make their children pass through the fire on some of their heathen festival days; and it was far less dreadful than this, for this destroys body and soul together. No one at this age can plead as an excuse that she did not know the extent of the evil; wilful blindness is no apology.

J. E. McG.

CHARADE.

CONTINUED FOR THE "HOME CIRCLE."

HELP-MEET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MISS EDITH MURRAY,
MR. SYLVESTER MUNSON,
MR. WALTER MORRIS.

MISS NELL WALKER,
MISS KATE BROWN,
MISS SUE SMITH.

Intimate friends of Miss Edith Murray.

SCENE 1st. LIBRARY.—Enter Edith with a note in her hand, which she reads, and hastening to the door calls earnestly—

Girls! girls! come down into the library this instant. Enter ye goddesses. Your queen prays for your counsel. Affairs of State call us to deliberate.

SUE SMITH.—What now fair Juno. (With mock reverence) What imperial mandate are we summoned to fulfil.

EDITH.—None but can be executed in my presence, sweet damsel. Know ye all therefore, that a being from the lower sphere, an inhabitant of the earth, and that too a masculine, would invade the sacred precincts of our celestial circle; but joking aside, girls, read that note. Kate, you read it aloud for the general benefit.

KATE.—Certainment! Here goes.

MY DEAR MISS EDITH.—I have at last made arrangements for the visit to your fair self which I have long contemplated. It hardly seemed proper that I should intrude my presence when you were engaged in classical pursuits, but hearing through your paternal relative that you have returned to your home, I promise myself the pleasure of many delightful interviews with you previous to the celebration of our nuptials. You may expect me to-morrow by the evening train. If my business permits I shall remain with you a week.

Affectionately,

SYLVESTER MUNSON.

NELL.—But what's the meaning of this strange freak, Edith Murray? All the time we were such friends at school you never communicated the precious bit of intelligence that you were engaged.

EDITH.—Nor am I; for an engagement is not binding in this free country unless agreed to by all parties, and I never told you before, because I was ashamed of it.

KATE.—But how came it about?

EDITH.—How came it about? Listen and you shall hear. Like all other young men, my "paternal relative" had all the time of his marriage a very intimate friend who took upon himself the bonds matrimonial at the same time. Well, the intimacy always continued, and at last was firmly cemented in the betrothal of their children, when I was one week old, and the charming Sylvester had reached the mature age of three years. We never could agree even in our infantile sports, for "tradition affirms" that the youth never came near me, but I pulled his hair and scratched his face awfully. Well, his father removed to Boston, and I have never seen my "fate" but once since.

SUE.—When was that, Edith?

EDITH.—Why, when I went to school at 8—where I had the amazing good fortune to fall in with you, my dears, I made a resolve that I would go to Boston, only about fifteen miles, you know, and see this consort in futurum of mine. Well, I took advantage of a monthly holiday, disguised myself as a poor woman, entered his father's counting-room, where he officiates as junior partner, and calling him by name, I appealed for charity. He was as ugly as he could

be, and I solemnly resolved, then and there, that I never would marry that man if I put an end to my existence. Here he comes down upon us girls, and what a lucky thing it is that Pa is one hundred miles away. If he'll just remain in that remote position for one week, I won't fail to remember the favor in my prayers for two years. Now, since you are visiting me, it occurred to me that perhaps we might get rid of him and have a little fun out of it too. You must help me, girls, you must help me.

ALL.—Oh, don't fear for us, we'll help you.

EDITH.—And now for a plan of operations, for he comes to-night, and we must expedite matters. Come, Sue, suggest.

SUE.—I'd dash a tumbler of cold water in his face the moment he steps inside the door. I'd put him in the bath-room, and make up a bed in the bath-tub—and douse him when he gets once asleep.

KATE.—Good! but impracticable, Sue. Now I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd shut up the house, tell the servant who goes to the door to say that the family are all up country, but will return to-morrow. Then he would have to go to a hotel and stay, which would tease him awfully, for he's stingy, there's no doubt of that. He's mean; handwriting and Edith's experience testify to it. And so I would keep him paying his bills at the hotel from day to day, with the promise from the servant that each day you would return. We'd stand at the top of the stair case, and watch his expectant coming and his grim departure.

NELL WALKER.—Good, as far as it goes, Kate. But that would not be the end of it. He could come again when his "business permits," you know. That phrase just shows what a mean man he is. He has got a good establishment, and now his "business permits," he wants an appendage commonly called a wife, to sew on hanging shirt-buttons, repair dilapidated linen generally, and entertain his friends. I hate him already.

KATE.—But the richest thing in that letter is the "classical pursuits." Ah! precious little do these "Lords of Creation" know of the classical lore obtained in a fashionable boarding-school. One's time spent hanging out at the windows, and flirting with the handsome music teacher doesn't further one in classical pursuits.—*Nateo pas.*

EDITH.—But, girls, to business again. Here is my plan, now pass your judgment upon it.

(All converse together in low tones.)

ALL.—Agreed! agreed!

SUE.—You will find us sufficient aid, I promise you.

Eccunt.

SCENE 2d. PARLOR.—Enter three young ladies, "en dishabille." Ink stains on fingers and clothing. Corkscrew curls and curl-papers.

KATE.—How do I look, girls? Sentimental enough? Now don't forget to call me *Araminta*, for if one of you should come out on the old, unromantic *Kate*, it would be "death to our hopes," as the immortal Shakespeare sagely remarks.

NELL.—Never fear, my lovely *Araminta*, and you love-lorn Sophronista, don't fail to bring in the highly pathetic.

SUE.—Don't be alarmed on my account, moony *Lunatasia*. I'm "quite reliable," as you will presently learn. Hark! I hear the door bell! Enter his majesty. Strike attitudes all!

LUNATASIA, (Nell Walker) hastens to the window—looks up devotedly to the stars. Enter Mr. Sylvester Munson—Servant goes to call Miss Edith.]

ARAMINTA, (Kate), advancing.—Adorable youth!

Welcome to our circle. I love already thy noble form, thy majestic carriage, thy curling locks, thine heavenly eyes. Happy Edith! How do I envy thee thy treasure matrimonial. Lovely *Lunatasia*, leave thy starry researches to look on earthly heavenliness, and salute our fair Edith's lover as I do with a holy kiss. (Kisses him. *Lunatasia* approaches also.)

SYLVESTER.—Back, you insane females! Where is Miss Edith?

ENTER EDITH.—Here am I. We welcome you from our inmost hearts. My three lovely friends—*Araminta*, dear, Mr. Munson. Sophronista, *Lunatasia* (presents them.) Ah! much are you changed, dearest since I saw you last. And much am I changed also. Then I was but an infant and lived a thoughtless life, disregarding all the beauties of literature, but now I live in these higher lights. I hardly love to linger to attend to these matrimonial affairs, which I do assure you, it is delightful to me to contemplate. These are my dear friends. They are with me always. I could not live without them. Our time is occupied with literary pursuits alone, and my talented associates are all of them composing books. *Araminta*, dear, bring out your "Heavenly superfluities of Shakespeare."

ARAMINTA.—(Suddenly grasping him by the hand.) Oh, do you not adore Shakespeare. I live in him. I think of him as he himself says—

"Thou art as glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white, upturned, wondering eyes
Of mortals, who fall back to gaze on him
As he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the wind."

EDITH.—Is she not talented? I adore her! She and these other dear friends must live with us when we are married. Shall they not, dearest?

SYLVESTER.—Excuse me, Edith, I—I—

EDITH.—Ah! then, I am doomed to disappointment. You do not like the change you find in me. Oh, sad my fate. (Weeps.)

LUNATASIA.—Has he indeed proved false. Come to the stars with me, dearest, and among the heavenly orbs we'll wander, till lost in the empyrean, our souls float away to the ecstatic regions of lasting bliss.

EDITH.—(With violent sobbing.)

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me, it was sure to die."

SYLVESTER.—Witches! Madcaps! Deliver me from such a domestic scene. Tell your father, Miss Edith, that all matrimonial engagements between myself and you are at an end, and in proof of my determination, here is the ring by which alone the arrangement was made binding. (Rushes towards the door.)

SOPHRONISTA.—(Seizing him.) Oh, stay! Cannot the charms of another please thee?

SYLVESTER.—Never!! You miserable female.

SOPHRONISTA.—(Avant wretch!) May all thy hopes in life be withered as thou hast blasted those of me and mine.

As he goes out Edith and friends sing—

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
When shall peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?"

KATE.—Echo answers *never!* Oh, that was too good! Did you ever see any one more completely used up, cooked, fried, dished, and devoured, than your charming lover.

NELL.—Well done, all! I'm confident that you and I have mistaken our callings in life. I'm going to offer myself to Laura Keane this very week, and keep a sharp look out for the newspaper announcement in tremendous capitals. Unparalleled success of a debutante. Great Comic Actress, Mad'le Walker! Theatricals forever say I!

SUE.—And I too; but alas! farewell forever, Mr. Sylvester Munson.

SCENE 3d. Plainly furnished parlor, Mrs Edith Morris and her three friends.

EDITH.—Three years married! It seems like a dream. Doesn't it, girls?

NELL WALKER.—Yes, and the rest of us seem to be committed to single-blessedness, which is getting to be a very fearful dream, I do assure you. All my friends gone to the war, and not an eligible masculine left now. Really, Scripture prophecies are coming to rapid fulfillment. There are at least seven young women laying hold of every young man of my acquaintance. And that reminds me, Edith, of the time we four girls attacked your old lover, all at once, and with our ink fingers banished him forever. That has been my pet story ever since. You wrote me that you met him once afterwards. How did it happen?

EDITH.—It was at a ball in Boston.

SUE.—Did he know you?

EDITH.—Yes, indeed; and didn't he play the "lofty" though. He had heard the story of the deception through a mutual friend; but his indifference didn't break my heart. I bestowed very little attention upon him. I was engaged at the time.

KATE.—Oh, yes! Mr. Walter Morris could counsel you of course. And you married a poor man at last, Edith!

EDITH.—Yes; "an' all for love," as the old rhymist has it.

NELL.—Well, that's very nice in its way, but seems to me I would rather have a little bread with my honey.

SUE.—Yes, Nell. But bread without honey is unpalatable enough. As for me, I'm in for old maidism. I feel myself a heroine, and have a missionary work to perform to the world, showing what an old maid should be. Not a cross, cranky, vinegar-faced, black-cat petting specimen of humanity, but a real jolly, affable, good-natured, fun-loving, agreeable person. I shall grow stout as I grow old, and not dry away like a forlorn, undevoured filbert. Isn't that a glorious career?

Enter unperceived.—Mr. Walter Morris. Whew! What rhapsodies! Shall I tell Mr. Harry Strong of a certain young lady's noble determination?

SUE.—(Blushing and looking confused.) You can say what you please, sir, to Mr. Harry Strong. I know one thing, he's not such a tease as you are.

WALTER.—Oh, that's because he's not a married man. When you and he get to be patriarchs like Edith and I here, then you'll indulge in a bit of teasing occasionally, just to spice existence a little. Edith now really enjoys it.

KATE.—Oh, well, but Edith is no ordinary woman. Just see how she manages your household. I have been amazed at every step since we came here. To see her minding the baby, darning stockings, watching Fiddy and entertaining company all at the same time. And so quietly too. I would not once have

believed it possible for her to do it. What are you, Edith? Flesh and blood like ordinary mortals; or half an angel already?

WALTER.—She is, just what she is, (with all due deference to you, young ladies) the best woman in this universe—(Putting his arm about her) my darling wife; my precious little *help-meet*. M. E. S.

THE MASKERS.

From the German of Schmidt.

Once upon a time, a nobleman gave to his guests a magnificent supper. While they sat at table, two maskers came into the hall, who were not larger than children of five or six years old; one personated a lord the other a lady. The lord wore a scarlet coat trimmed with gold lace; his curly wig was powdered snow-white, and in his hand he held a laced hat. The lady was dressed in golden yellow taffeta with silver spangles, and had an elegant little hat with high plumes on her head and a fan in her hand.

Both danced very finely with many a skilful flourish. Everybody said one could not admire the dexterity of these polite children enough. Then an old officer who sat at table, took an apple from the plate and threw it between the dancing couple. Suddenly, lord and lady rushed after the apple, fighting and tugging at each other for it, as if frantic. In the struggle they tore off each other's masks and head-dresses, and instead of a couple of clever children, appeared—a couple of monkeys. All at table raised a loud laugh; but the old officer said, very seriously, "Monkeys and fools may dress themselves splendidly; but the day soon comes when it is known who they are." JEANNE.

We extract from the letter of one who has written often and well for the Home Magazine, this passage, which all mothers will take into their hearts as precious. The band of "Young Immortals," to which reference is made, were her Sunday-school scholars:

"I have had a new turn to my thoughts since last summer, having a little adopted daughter between four and five years old. She is rarely gifted. Let me tell you a prayer she made one morning of her own accord, instead of the Lord's Prayer, which we usually say together. 'Oh, Lord, if you please, let me go to the big, nice city, in the peary gates, where the golden harps is! Let me go to the green pastures by the still waters, and let me lie down in the green pastures by my mamma. Amen.'

"Her young mother died this summer, aged twenty-one; she was one of my band of 'Young Immortals,' and when little Gracie was an infant she said to me, 'If I should die, I want Grace to be yours!' I thought then her chance of life was better than mine."

The comparisons made by children are often quite laughable or singularly appropriate—but more often poetical. Last summer my boy, a little over two years old, came to me with a pea pod which he had broken open longitudinally. "See, pa!" he said, "lot 'tittle babies seepin' in trunnie bed!" F. H. S.

A lady, in sending in a club of subscribers for 1865, says:—

"The favor with which 'Arthur's Home Magazine' is received by the ladies of our village, is rapidly increasing; and the universal testimony is, 'It is the best, and I cannot do without it!' Not few are the instances, in which a wife, mother, or daughter, has

been brought to a better life, and to an appreciation of a higher destiny through the instrumentality of the pure, interesting, and elevating sentiments which adorn its pages."

A WAYSIDE PICTURE.

One of the prettiest pictures I ever looked upon, (says the writer of "Campaign Sketches,") certainly the prettiest group, was presented to the greater portion of the Army of the Ohio, on its march from Bacon Creek to Munfordville, Ky., in 1861. Far from any house, standing upright in a picturesque attitude and in perfect silence, in a fanciful arbor of their own construction, a boy of perhaps nine, and two little girls still younger, gazed with great round eyes upon the armed men who filed past them in a long, steady, unbroken line. They were neatly attired and exceedingly handsome; many a head was turned towards them as we swept past, many an eye grew soft and humid, and doubtless many a thought of home was awakened by that bright picture at the roadside. It was the solitary evidence of innocence, the nearest approach to contentment and peace that we observed during the march.

EDITORS HOME MAGAZINE.—In your last number, you say you are at fault as to the scene in the steel engraving, "Portia;" perhaps this will enlighten you.

MARY ALLISON.

PORTIA, THE GLEE MAIDEN.

The prior he sat in his easy-chair,
Conning the page of an old tome rare;
Before him a fire blazed warm and high,
At his side was a goblet of Malvoisie.

The prior was deep in his learned lore,
When tap, tap, tap, came a sound at his door,
And when thrice he had shouted aloud "come in,"
The face of the old deaf porter was seen.

"There's one craves to speak with your reverence."
"I'm busy till dinner-time—bid them go hence!"
"A damsel!"—"A damsel? Go bring to me;
To refuse would be lacking in courtesy."

The damsel was young and fair to behold,
The charm of her presence was richer than gold,
And the prior he smiled as the damsel drew nigh,
There was magic, he thought, in that sparkling blue eye.

"Now fairest of damsels," the prior he said,
And laid his old hand on her gracious young head,
"To the convent what brings thee? thine errand declare,

'Twill be hard to refuse one of beauty so rare."

"Good father, a lowly glee maiden am I;
My suit, holy father, you will not deny;
'Tis only to visit and cheer with my song,
The youth who has pined in your convent so long."

This youth was the great Earl of Mar's only son—
In battle and bloodshed renowned he had won,
But now on a sick-bed he suffering lay,
Though his ailment was mostly at heart, so they say.

The young Earl had fallen profoundly in love,
But his father's objections no prayers could remove,
For the lady, though fair and of goodly estate,
Was the child of a baron whom Mar chose to hate.

The prior he listened with doubt and surprise—
But he could not say nay to those pleading blue eyes;

So he took from his girdle a bunch of great keys,
And he said, "Follow me, pretty maid, if you please."

The glee maiden came to the convent next day,
And again the day after, and weeks passed away,
And still the old porter came hobbling along
Every morning, to let in the mistress of song.

For the young Earl grew better—her songs did him
good—

They wrought an effect which no medicine could,
And at last he got well—quite hearty and stout—
And every fine day would go riding about.

But one day he rode out and did not return—
The prior was frightened—but nothing could learn
Of his runaway patient, until, one fine day,
There came to the door, in rich bridal array,

A goodly assemblage of ladies and knights—
The convent was not often blest with such sights—
The young Earl and his lady-love dropped on their
knees,

And said, "Father, your blessing on us, if you please."

The prior he gazed, and he gaped, and he smiled—
"My blessing be on thee, my beautiful child!"
The baron's fair daughter, the glee-girl who came,
And the bride of the young Earl were one and the
same.

SALEM, OHIO, October 24, 1864.

OUR WHATNOT.

OLD TUNES.—The popular tune known as "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" is simply the revival of an old ballad that had fallen into forgetfulness. Sing the psalm tune which is known under the name of "Belmont," doing so rather quickly, and you will find that you are singing the "Ratcatcher's Daughter."

We notice that an improved style of hazing has been introduced into Harvard college. It consists in the presentation of money and other articles to those worthy members who are in straitened circumstances. One student had his room entered during his absence, a new carpet put down, and coal and furniture provided. Not a student has yet been expelled for the outrage.

CHILD-LIKE.—A mother trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said to her, "Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?" "I am trying," she replied. "But you haven't shut your eyes." "Well, can't help it; *une comes unbuttoned*."

HINT FOR THE UNPUNCTUAL.—"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man too late for the train, "you didn't run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy. "I ran fast enough, but I didn't start soon enough."

EPITAPH.—The following epitaph is in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn:—

Under this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the Lion;
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned to the heavenly will.

NICE DISTINCTIONS.—(BOB.) Hilloa! what am you doin' ober dah?

PETE.—(Who prides himself on his grammar.) Aint awing at all. I are pickin' wool.

KISSING A SUNBEAM.—We find this beautiful waif in one of our exchanges. A babe, not old enough to speak or walk, was creeping on the floor. By and by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it, and crept towards it, and all around it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face, and then putting down her little lips she kissed it. Now was not that beautiful? The bright little sunbeam lighted up joy in her baby heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

The witty Sheridan, while visiting at a country house, was asked to take a walk by a rather undesirable lady companion, but excused himself on account of the bad weather. She soon after caught him attempting to escape without her. "Well," she said, "I see it has cleared up." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two!" This was too plain to be misunderstood, and Sheridan was relieved of her troublesome attentions forever thereafter.

A friend tells us the following:—

Minnie and Gerald playing in the garden, find a dead insect. Minnie proposes a funeral, and so the creature is duly interred with imposing ceremonies. Papa coming along soon after finds the little mound, and upon the headstone—"C. P., died November, 10, 1864." "What does C. P. stand for, Minnie?" "Why, can't you see, papa? That means caterpillar."

HISTORICAL GAMES.

This is one of the most instructive and entertaining of modern games. One member of the company describes a scene from history. From this description the remainder guess who are the characters, and what the incident portrayed. The following will serve as examples:—

I.

Two horsemen are riding through the streets of a city, followed by a brilliant retinue. One of the two is splendidly attired in a rich crimson mantle, trimmed with ermine—no-doubt very warm and comfortable, as it is a cold winter's day. They talk together in a lively manner; the frosty air seems to sharpen their wits and exhilarate their spirits. But it has a very different effect on that poor, ragged old beggar, who stands shivering with cold. He is indeed an object of pity; and so one of the horsemen seems to think, and points him out to the wearer of the crimson cloak. They will doubtless throw him some money—perhaps even a piece of gold. But no! the wearer of the cloak is astonished at finding his costly garments seized by his companion, who endeavors to take it from him, in order to bestow it upon the poor beggar. A struggle ensues: one trying to pull the cloak off, and the other exerting all his strength to keep it on. The horses prance, their riders are nearly unseated, and the attendants seem highly amused. At length the owner of the cloak yields, either to superior strength, superior authority, or his own charitable feelings, and the splendid garment is given to the poor beggar, who receives it with very great astonishment.

II.

A large assemblage seated in council; warlike knights and barons, bishops, and other dignitaries of the church. The subject under discussion is evidently one of extraordinary interest; bishops and barons are joined together in one common cause. The first speaker is listened to with profound attention, and

seems greatly to impress the minds of his hearers. The next, who wears the papal robes, so excites their enthusiasm, that they interrupt him with one simultaneous burst of assent. He imposes silence with his hand, and reads slowly, the whole assemblage repeating after him. All then rise. One of the bishops assumes a distinctive symbol, and places it on a conspicuous part of his dress. His example is followed by every chief of importance present.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

Reverse my first, and then behold
A proposition comes in view;
My next is gladly sought by those
Who've labored hard the whole day through.

My whole full oft in days gone by
Concealed a merry, reckless hand,
And still it is the wild beast's home
In many a dreary foreign land.

II.

My whole is my second, and with it I made my first.

III.

When you're my second seated round,
All coseily for tea,
And the urn gives forth its pleasant sound,
My first you're sure to see.
My whole is where my first is kept,
With others of its kind,
Together oft with eatables
And useful things, you'll find.

IV.

My 5, 2, 3, 4, is a town in Italy; my 10, 12, 9, 14, is a wine; my 6, 7, 11, 7, 13, 4, is a heathen goddess; my 3, 7, 11, 12, is not all; my 6, 12, 13, is very useful; my 1, 8, 13, is a great noise; and my whole none of us like to meet with.

V.

My 10, 5, 2, 12, 13, 9, one of England's heroes; my 6, 1, 14, 7, 8, an Italian poet; and 3, 4, 11, a celebrated philanthropist; my whole, fourteen letters, an English poet.

Answers in next number.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why am I like borrowed money? Because I am a-lone, (loan).
2. Why is it probable that the chain of slavery will soon be terminated in America? Because we have got our last link-on, (Lincoln).
3. Why is a cat after a mouse, like a lady in a draper's? Because she is a pur-chaser.
4. Why is cider just made, like a fast train? Because it is ex-press.
5. When are two kings like three miles? When they make a league.
6. Why is a butcher like an audacious thief? Because he often steals a knife in public, and never runs away.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., IN DECEMBER NUMBER:—

1. Honey-comb. 2. Madagascar. 3. Summary. 4. Ad-gram. 5. Decalcomanie. 6. Yacht.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVING.

No. 1.—A velvet dress, buttoned down the entire length of the back, and opened in front *en tablier*. Paletôt made of velvet and ornamented with gimp. A drawn *crêpe* bonnet trimmed with velvet and lace; a small velvet curtain. The cap is formed at the top with small velvet flowers.

No. 2.—An Irish poplin dress, trimmed round the edge of the skirt with a velvet band cut out in scallops at the top, and finished off with narrow guipure. The Vernon paletôt in cloth, ornamented with straps edged with silk braid. A black velvet bonnet, with curtain and crown of white tulle and lace; at the side of the front there is a band made of black and white striped plush.

No. 3.—A white tulle dress over a satin petticoat. The skirt is ornamented round the edge with a box-pleated flounce, and at each breadth with wide ruffles. An opera cloak, made of white cashmere, with application of red cashmere forming sprays of coral. Head-dress composed of flowers and feathers.

This circular is made of white cashmere, embroidered in appliqué with red cashmere; the design representing branches of coral. The application is worked in chain-stitch with black silk; a gold braid is sewn on the outside of the chain-stitch following the design. At the edge of the mantle there is a white yak fringe separated into tassels, and this is headed with black and white worsted balls. Above the fringe, and forming a heading to it, there is a black and gold gimp. A gold, black and red cord, terminating with Oriental tassels, serves for fastening the circular.

REMARKS.

Three things in a lady's toilette are now considered necessary, and to appear without them is to appear unfashionable, and these three are—a small bonnet, a wide waistband, and a coat-shaped sleeve. Dresses are made more than ever with long basques and with the wide band *above* the basques. The basque, be it round or square, divided in one or two parts, is only worn at the back; in the front there is either a waistcoat, a *chemise-russe*, or a full embroidered chemise.

Very elegant double dresses are now in preparation for winter wear: the first skirt is looped up over the second, upon which it is fastened with handsome gimp ornaments. Some dressmakers are making the first skirt very long, but this is not necessary, as in any case this style is never regarded as full dress.

The following will serve as examples:—A gray poplin skirt, looped up over a violet poplin petticoat, bound with black velvet; a violet waistcoat; a bodice, with square basques, made of gray poplin, bound with black velvet. If an out-door covering should be desired, it is made of gray poplin, bound with black velvet. Another style is an Empress blue cashmere skirt, looped up over a petticoat of the same blue, striped with cashmere braids; a blue waistcoat, striped with cashmere braids; a small musketeer jacket for bodice, and for out-door wear a circular cape of blue cashmere, with five rows of cashmere braid round it. This forms a simple and fashionable morning toilette.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO CLEAN DECANTERS.—First roll up in small pieces some whited-brown, or blotting paper; then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel with a little luke-warm water; shake them well for a few minutes; then rinse the glass with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new from the shop.

CEMENT FOR GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (taking especial care that it does not boil over), one ounce of isinglass in two wine glasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

RYE DROP CAKES.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a little salt. Stir in rye flour till about the consistency of pancakes. Bake in buttered cups, or saucers, half an hour.

TO CLEAN BRASS ORNAMENTS.—Wash the brass work with *reche alum* boiled to a strong lye, in the proportion of an ounce to a pint. When dry, it must be rubbed with fine tripoli.

POTATO PUFFS.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham; clear it from gristle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of

flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up old meat.

GINGER BISCUITS.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add half a pound of sifted sugar, and three ounces of pounded ginger. Beat up the yolk of three eggs, and take a little milk, with which make the above ingredients into a paste. Knead it all well together, and roll it out extremely thin, and cut it into the form of round biscuits with a paste-cutter. Bake them in a slow oven until crisp, taking care that they are a pale brown color.

TIC-DOLOREUX.—Strip several laurel leaves of their projecting parts, sew them together, make hot before the fire, put on the face, and bind over with flannel on going to bed. The laurel leaf is not dangerous as an outward application for toothache and pains seated in the muscles, &c.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF MARBLE.—One gall, one wine-glass of soap-lees, half a wine-glass of turpentine. This mixture must be made into a paste with a little pipe-clay; spread the marble with this, which should not be removed for a few days; and if, on wiping it off the object is not effected, a second application will generally be sufficient.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WRONG OF SLAVERY, THE RIGHT OF EMANCIPATION, AND THE FUTURE OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1864.

Our readers will probably remember that in March, 1863, a commission, consisting of three eminent men, of whom the author of this work was one, was appointed by the Secretary of War to examine and report upon the condition of the recently emancipated freedmen of the United States. Many of the materials of this volume, we are told, are due to the joint investigations of that commission, of which Mr. Owen was chairman.

Judging from the volume before us, the Secretary of War, we think, did a nobler service for his country and for humanity than he was himself aware of, when he appointed that commission. For to this appointment we are, doubtless, indebted for this exceedingly interesting and able work—decidedly the most exhaustive, profound, philosophical, Christian, and truly statesman-like discussion of the great subject of human slavery, that has ever fallen under our notice. And all within the narrow compass of 246 pages, 12mo. Mr. Owen seems to have left very little to be said by others on this subject, and nothing for emancipationists to do but to circulate his work as widely as possible, and in this way carry forward that education of the masses upon the whole subject of slavery, which is so much needed, and which this war has so well prepared them to receive.

The work is divided into three Parts. Part 1st contains a complete history of slavery on this continent, from its commencement in 1500 with the enslavement of Indians by Francis de Boadilla, down to the present time. It tells us when and how the African was substituted for the Indian—the number of slaves shipped from Africa—exhibits the dreadful horrors of the traffic—shows the barbarizing tendency of the whole system of slavery—and finally brings us logically to the conclusion that the present Rebellion is a direct result of characteristics produced by slavery.

Part 2d discusses with signal ability the constitutional aspect of what is called "slave property," and the constitutionality of emancipation both in the insurrectionary and loyal States, which it defends and makes clear. Part 3d is devoted to the future of the African race in the United States—sets forth our duty as a nation to the negro, and shows that impartial justice to him is intimately and unalterably connected with our own highest welfare. It is a most wise and wholesome book, greatly needed at this time, and deserving to be read and studied by every American citizen.

OCEAN WAIFS. By Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Not the least acceptable of the boys' Christmas gifts this year will be this new tale of thrilling interest. Here the delightful story-telling Captain transfers the scene from the land to the sea, and entertains his wondering young audience with the peculiarities of the "finny tribes," as he has so often neld them entranced over wild adventures in forest and jungle.

COUSIN GRACE. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

CAPTAIN HORACE. By Sophie May. Same Publisher.

Two more of those excellent little books which are suited to the comprehension of the "wax ones," and will bring many a quiet hour to the nursery and play-room. The "Little Prudy" series, is admirable.

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ANDY JACKSON. The Tailor Boy. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This book, as its title indicates, concerns our honored ex-president of that name, and contains a romantic account of the staunch patriot's life, from the time of his birth until his removal to Tennessee. This fascinating history of the rise of the poor tailor lad will be devoured with great avidity by American lads, who are so often informed by portly commissioners and committee men that "every school boy is a possible president of these United States." The story savors of fiction in its details, though undoubtedly true to life in general facts.

LOOKING TOWARD SUNSET. By L. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

In the preface of this work we find the following, which sufficiently indicates its character and purpose:—"When I was myself near the fairy-land of childhood, I used my pen for the pleasure of children; and now that I am travelling down the hill I was then ascending, I would fain give some words of consolation and cheer to my companions on the way." The book contains extracts relating to old age, from the best authors of all ages and nations, among which we find choice gleanings from Cicero, Anacreon, Uhland, Richter, Wordsworth, Mountford, with many of the leading poets and prose writers of the present day. It is gotten up in most attractive style, and will be found a treasure alike profitable and entertaining to young and old.

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART. By Mrs. Jamison. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

In two neat little volumes in blue and gold we have before us this charming and truly invaluable work of the late Mrs. Jamison. To all lovers of art this will prove a rich storehouse of information, and will no doubt meet with that warm reception here, which greeted the earlier editions on the other side of the Atlantic.

A NEW ATMOSPHERE. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Fresh, sparkling, and racy as usual. Terse in diction, abounding in good, strong Saxon, and sound common sense, the book is like its predecessors from the same pen. Every sentence comes with the report of a cannon-ball, and does serious execution somewhere. There is no skulking out of range of her well-directed shots. No hiding behind pet fallacies or doctrinal entrenchments. With a woman's pertinacity she seeks out the victim who has been dishonest with himself or the world, and remorselessly drags before him his sins of omission and commission, until the reader, from sheer compassion, would fain cry for mercy. She is strong in the power of conscious right, and fearless in her assertion of truth. We hope ere long to be able to make some extracts for the benefit of our readers from this admirable work.

FROM DAN TO BEERSHEBA. By Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D. New York: Harper & Bros.

"A series of letters written from Palestine to the Methodist, were the ground-work of the volume. The chief object of the author has been to describe the land of Promise, as it now appears, and thereby illustrate the truthfulness with which the sacred writers pronounced their prophecies and recorded the facts of inspired history. This he has accomplished to a

great degree, and at the same time made a book full of interest to the general reader."

TWISBOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. In two volumes (blue and gold edition). Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Two delightful volumes, that should be in every family book-case, if only for "The Snow Image" and "Little Daffydownilly," a couple of prose poems of unequalled beauty.

MUSICAL.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. In bringing to the notice of our readers this periodical, which now enters upon its third volume and third year, we call attention to the following facts:—

It is the only strictly musical periodical published in the popular form of sheet music, printed from engraved plates on sheet music paper, and with handsomely engraved title pages to the several pieces in every number.

It contains some of the best compositions—songs, ballads, polkas, marches, variations, transcriptions, opera music, etc., by Balfe, Brinley Richards, Ascher, Coote, Glover, Gounod, Verdi, and other leading European composers, printed from early sheets, together with original copyright gems by American contributors. This music is adapted to piano players of every capacity.

Each monthly part forms a handsome and showy number, containing as much *sheet music* as can be purchased in the stores for nearly half the cost of the year's subscription.

The work has thus far met the wants of the musical public so well, that its subscription list now embraces names in every State in the Union. No expense or labor is spared to keep the monthly in the same prominent position. As an earnest of this determination we need only name the list of contents of the January Holiday number now ready. It contains the Bells of Aberdovey, Brinley Richards' last and most exquisite transcription; The Yule Log, Christmas song composed expressly for the *Holiday Monthly*, by the author of *At The Gate*, etc.; Christmas Bells, a charming duet and chorus also composed for the *Monthly*, by James M. Stewart; and Snow Castles, a beautiful romance, in the waltz movement, adapted to the season, and composed by Ascher, a great favorite with our subscribers.

All this music subscribers to the *Monthly* get for 25 cents as part of the annual subscription of \$3.00, and it is published in a style equalling in beauty and cost any other sheet music published.

Terms, three dollars per annum in advance; single numbers fifty cents. There is no deduction for clubs, but instead an attractive list of Premiums is offered, including one of one hundred dollars in cash, which list will be forwarded to any address on application by letter to the publisher.

Holloway's Musical Monthly is published exclusively by subscription. It is not for sale at any book or music store. All subscriptions and correspondence must be addressed to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher *Musical Monthly*, Box Post Office, Philadelphia.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS.

Did you ever think, with a thrill of reverence and joy, dear reader, that the great anniversary birthday of the world was in the death-month of the year?

Close down into the shivering, pulseless, darkened days of the last of December, with its silvery chime of bells; with its "Peace on earth," and "Good will to men;" with all its promise for the life that now is, and its prophecy unspeakable and full of glory for that which is to come, rises the dear, blessed Christmas morning.

I think that to us all, the world grows a little sadder year by year. Our hopes and our hearts fail us by the way, and we come down into these Decembers each time a little slower and fainter of soul, and the storm and darkness which gather around the year, gathers over our hearts also. I think too, that that nature can be of neither very fine or sound quality over which steals no shadows of solemn self-retrospection at the close of the year.

By so much is the capital of our life consumed. And how much have we left undone! How many of our highest purposes have not been realized! What a poor, barren, flimsy sort of life it must seem to the best of us, when compared with our ideal!

And some of us have carried down the months our heavy burdens and our sharp griefs, until our hearts failed us, and we almost longed to die. We stood on the banks, with the foe behind and the sea before, and we looked from one to the other, as Moses did, seeking a path, before the gates of the waters opened, and the road lay broad and straight before him. Dear heart of my reader, are you of those who come down bound and storm-beaten into December?

I know that among the many thousand homes where our magazine folds its fluttering wings, it must find some at the gates of whose souls care and grief of varied name and face have knocked during the year which has gone.

And to you this Christmas day arises as a witness, and a voice from on high, symbolizing to you the "Gift" unspeakable, which, however all earthly gifts may fail, is yours still—yours its promise, its comfort, its blessing. Take heart, then, and do not despair. He who gives you this Christmas will not forget. Though the clouds lie as heavy upon your soul as the snows do upon this December, yet, "take heart."

There are sweet south winds and tender sunshine that wait beyond to loosen these snows and scatter them from off the face of the earth, and your griefs, sooner or later, shall all vanish away—if not here, in the Home over whose threshold they can never pass to those who are with God.

So, "happy and blessed," which is better than "Merry," be to every one of you, oh, readers of the Home Magazine, from Maine to the Gulf—from Massachusetts to California. This Christmas of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

V. F. Z.

"CAMPAIGN SKETCHES."

We commence in this number a series of Sketches by an officer in the United States Army, who has seen service in the South-west. He writes from a large experience, and is a close observer of men and things. "How he Won his Bars," the first of the series, is told with a graphic skill that holds the reader's attention from the opening to the close. The portraits of leading officers may be relied upon as faithful.

THE PARROT AND THE MIRROR.

(See Steel Engraving.)

A lady, young and fair,
 Stood within her bower;
 Flitting gayly to and fro,
 Flut'ring, trifling, did she go,
 Like butterfly from flower to flower.

As ladies sometimes do
 When left alone a minute,
 From some little sheltered nook,
 Where it lay, the beauty took
 A looking-glass, and peeped within it.

While gazing there she stood
 (The sight gave satisfaction),
 A bright-plumed parrot, not encaged,
 Marked his mistress thus engaged,
 Clearly on no small attraction

Taking wing he came,
 And on the border perching,
 Bent his prying eyes to see
 What this pleasant sight might be,
 Like a curious little urchin.

But when he beheld,
 In the glass reflected,
 The rosy lips and sunny eyes,
 In a voice of glad surprise
 At a sight so unexpected

Did he cry, "Ah, me!
 How oft have I regretted
 To you alone should be denied
 All the pleasure and the pride
 Felt by all who contemplated

"The charms which now you see
 Fairly laid before you!
 Hitherto you always said,
 That I tried to turn your head
 When I said they must adore you;

"Now you must admit—
 For seeing is believing—
 Ev'ry tittle you have heard
 From your own poor loving bird,
 Had not a shadow of deceiving!"

"HOME ON A FURLOUGH."

One of the most beautiful works of art called forth by the necessities and interests of the present war, is a handsome steel engraving recently published by Bradley & Co., No. 66 North Fourth street, Philadelphia. This work bears its best recommendation upon its face, in that it speaks its own theme, a single glance sufficing to reveal the whole story.

The returned soldier is the central figure in the foreground, while around him clusters a circle of loving friends, each in attitude and expression betraying his relation to the warrior, upon whom is bestowed an eager welcome.

Even the soldier's dog and the old family horse are made to bear their share in the joyous greeting, and the whole is true to the life, bespeaking not only the natural affections of the heart, but telling also of that conscious pride with which every American home regards its manly soldier.

As a work of art, this engraving stands among the highest of American productions, and is a gem fitted not only to adorn and beautify the home, but it speaks volumes to every loyal heart.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1865.

With this issue we open the new year, and present our readers with a number of the *Home Magazine* which, for the excellence and interest of its reading matter, will be found, we think, unequalled. We have secured a number of admirable writers, who aim at something beyond mere literary trifling; who look upon life as real and earnest; who, in drawing near to their readers, and holding them by the subtle power of mind over mind, inspire them with noble purposes. We shall make the *Home Magazine* a messenger of things pure and good to all who read its pages.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Many warmly-worded letters come to us from subscribers and friends of the *Home Magazine*. We could fill pages with extracts like the following. A lady writing from Polo, Ill., says—

"I have derived so much comfort and consolation in perusing your magazine in the past year, that I could not content myself to commence another year without its cheering influence in my household.

"During the past year this war has placed me in circumstances where the necessary comforts are scarcely obtained, having made me a widow, left with two little helpless children looking to me for support.

"I have hesitated for some time whether I could send another year or not, but knowing the worth of your interesting book, and also the many, many lonely hours that have been made pleasant by its regular visits at my fireside, I could not bear the thought of not enjoying its comforting words another year.

"How many hearts, though sad as mine, might be cheered and comforted if they could only be induced to take your truly good and noble book."

Another, who sends us a club from Cuba, New York, writes:—

"I have taken your magazine two years, and I cannot get along without it. It is indeed a welcome visitor at our home. We look for it eagerly every month. I trust I have been benefited greatly by the excellent reading it always contains. I have been led to love life better; to love things noble and pure more; to be firm for right and justice everywhere.

"I want a copy of the 'Home' in every family. I have secured nine subscribers this time, and I enclose a draft for fifteen dollars, which you say will secure us 'nine copies, and one to get-up of club.' I will try and send another club before the new year commences."

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY MISS TOWNSEND.—We are pleased to announce, that after the conclusion of "NOT ANYTHING FOR PEACE," Mr. Arthur's New Story, Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND will commence a New Serial, to be completed during 1865. Her story, "THE WAY THROUGH," has been so intensely interesting, that our subscribers will all be pleased to know that they are so soon to have another serial from her graceful pen.

OUR PREMIUM PLATE.—Our premium this year is a fine copy of a choice English print, entitled, "The Infancy of Shakspeare," from a picture painted at Stratford-on-Avon. It is a charming subject.

— The postage on the *Home Magazine* is *twelve cents* a year, paid in advance at the office where it is received.

— Additions to clubs can always be made at the club rates.

— In making up clubs, it is not required that all the subscribers be at the same office.

— Godey's *Lady's Book* and the *Home Magazine* will be sent one year for \$4.50.